



HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

FEBRUARY 1976 \$1.75

**SHOCKING
PICTORIAL!
HALF-MAN
HALF-WOMAN**

**INTERVIEW:
TONY POWER
EDITOR OF
CLUB MAGAZINE**

**THE
RALPH GINZBURG
STORY**

**BESTIALITY:
THE LAST
TABOO**

PLAYBOY HAD IT ...
PENTHOUSE WANTS IT ...
HUSTLER'S GOT IT!



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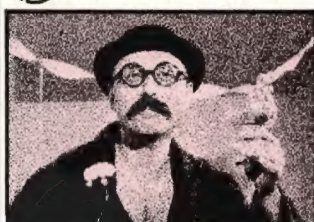


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VOL. 2 NO. 8 FEB. 1976



Give 'Em Hell, HUSTLER!

In line with our promise to make this one hell of a year, we are busting balls and boobs to bring you the very best in sex and satire.

The sensational **Half-Man/Half-Woman** photo feature is this month's main attraction. It's sure to get your gonads. But we don't stop there in our effort to give you more than your money's worth. Larry Flynt, our editor and publisher, flew to London to get an interview with **Tony Power**, editor of *Club*, a newcomer in the men's magazine field in America. Power talks openly about sex in England vs. sex in the United States, and why he feels *Club* may be successful over here.

For our profile this month, we feature the infamous **Ralph Ginzburg**, granddaddy of the girlie mags and the Larry Flynt of his day. All you far-out freako's will enjoy "**Animal Sex Lovers**," an informative and revealing article that explains why bestiality is on the rise. Another entertaining piece is "**Underwear Revival**," by that eternal teenager, "**Johnny Angel**." You revved-up men out there, with all your schemes on how to get that special 'gal' into the back seat, just may discover that there are a lot of women trying to do the same thing to you, and our liberated **Britt** is one of them! Check her out on page 38.

Renee means "reborn," and our Renee is certainly one to make you feel that way. But wait! There's more. Don't miss **Sondra**—a blonde-haired damsel who could only make your dreams sweeter.

Ah ... ha! **Bits & Pieces** are even better, too! When we say, "Off with their heads!" we ain't jiving. In **Sex Play**, you get your very own instruction course on how to use your new sex toys. And, of course, **Honey Hooker** is as playful as ever as she decides to do some real entertaining at Senator Cockidy's cocktail party before she takes a plunge—but she survives.

And as you know, some of our readers are really kinky, like the guy who sent in this month's **Kinky Korner**. A real horny tale for sure that proves the best is always worth the wait. But don't forget to cast your eye on our **Advise & Consent** column and **Feedback** for the latest reader opinions of our controversial subject matter.

Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy!

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher and
Executive Editor

HUSTLER

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



BITCHING ABOUT BUTCH

I knew that the December issue of HUSTLER, featuring Butch and Peaches—a black guy and a white girl—was a revolutionary step which would no doubt rile the censors somewhat, but I never dreamed that every bigot and his brother would go ape shit.

Just for openers, I was bombarded by letters from the Ku Klux Klan, as well as every other racist organization from New Jersey to California. But, in addition, black women complained because we used a white model, white men objected to the black model, church groups gathered arms, some retailers refused to display the issue, and everyone else objected for the sake of objecting. Words just failed a lot of people—I received many envelopes containing nothing except the shredded-up pages of the Butch and Peaches spread. This whole storm of protest was a perfect example of the type of controversy which is the lifeblood of HUSTLER.

Never, since Henry Luce made his historical debut with *Life* magazine, has a publication received such notoriety—and acceptance—from the American people as HUSTLER has. This can only be attributed to HUSTLER's willingness

and ability to seek out the truth and hit the heart with a no-holds-barred approach. People love us and they hate us. They hate us for reminding them of their hypocritical ways, but they love us for our iconoclastic approach to honesty, combined with a fearless editorial stance.

I realize that it is impossible for me to make everyone happy, but HUSTLER always has been and always will be one of the most honest, irreverent and revolutionary magazines in the world. It's very obvious that the reasons for the protest against the Black and White feature, and many other features we have run in HUSTLER, stem from the deeply-rooted sexual hang-ups and myths that are evident in a repressed society—the kind of myths and hang-ups which HUSTLER has fought and will continue to fight.

But despite the many hate letters, we get a hundred letters of support for every one of them. I have in the past, and will always continue in the future, to strike out at the pseudo-sophisticated, mindless censors who take it upon themselves to tamper with our individual liberties. I would not be so sure of myself if I did not know that I have the

support of the new generation of Americans. These people will not allow themselves to be manipulated by the fascist bigots and bluenoses of yesteryear.

HUSTLER is an idea whose time has come, and it has the support of those Americans who no longer want to be treated like children by having their reading habits dictated to them by a select group of power-hungry, gutless maggots. The small minority of censors may continue their repressive activities, but it will be a futile effort, equal to pissing down their own pant legs: it may give them a warm feeling, but frankly I don't give a damn. We may not always be pleasing, but we'll *never* be dull, and that's what sets us apart from the humdrum, play-it-safe magazines. Don't expect us to apologize for it.

HUSTLER will continue to pioneer the horizons of sexual freedom in search of total liberation. ■■

Larry Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

FOREVER AMBER

I just have to write and tell you about your November issue of HUSTLER. The pictures of all the girls are just fabulous, but I just can't keep my eyes off of Amber ("Some Like It Hot"). I can't tell you how much I would really like to have her in front of me. Her clit looks so good, I just want to dive in head first.

What a snatch!

C.M.
New York, N.Y.

I have been reading your magazine for about five months now, and I think there's not a better one anywhere. As for your models, they're absolutely beautiful. I really liked the shots of Amber ("Some Like It Hot"). But if you ask me, she's a little conceited about how she can fuck. She says she can out-fuck any man. I don't doubt that she can go for a little while—maybe all night and half a day. But she must have been fucking 60 year olds, because there's a lot of guys out here who would fuck their balls off just to prove her wrong. I know I would. She's trying to be the best too fast. Tell her to travel for awhile and fuck someone with some stamina and she'll change her mind!

Keep the good looking girls coming. You're the best.

Gary Brewer
Morristown, Tenn.

Amber decided to take your advice, so she's gone on the road, looking for the stud who can make her beg for mercy. Maybe she'll meet up

with a hard-hitting mountain boy like yourself, so you'd better eat your Wheaties.

There are times when one opens one's mouth and speaks out and one should've been quiet ... Guilty, your honor!!

Last week I wrote to you, getting on your case about some of the sorry pictorials you'd recently had, especially your "50 year old centerfold." I just finished poring over your November issue of HUSTLER and all I could repeat to myself page after pictorial page was, "Unbelievable! Un-fucking-believable!!" In my own defense, weak one that it is, I would never have guessed that you were going to do a complete 180° turn in one issue. But you did and it was purely devastating. I assume picking the "Honey of the Month" was as difficult as pulling a hen's tooth, and a hell of a lot more fun. All I plan to do now is to sit back and enjoy HUSTLER from month to month and if the quality of this issue is consistent, you've got yourself an avid subscriber. Encore!

Lee Watson
Newburgh, N.Y.

P.S. Mr. Flynt, take a close, hard look at Amber's centerfold next to your 50 year old chick; if you can't understand my previous criticism you're not the dude your editorials portray you as. Amber is, by far, the most delicious, luscious-looking woman I've seen in a long time and I'd go straight to Macy's window with her even without passing "go" and you could keep the \$200!

P.P.S. As long as you don't hear from me, folks, you're doing fine by me.

It pains us to have to do this, but after careful

consideration we must regretfully reject your application to re-join the ranks of Hot'n'Horny HUSTLERS. We have sent your mug shot to all of the magazine dealers in Newburgh with instructions not to sell you a copy of HUSTLER until you sincerely believe a 50 year old woman can be as sexually exciting as one who is considerably younger.

SUGGESTIVE SUGGESTIONS

I started reading your magazine a few months ago and I love it; I've even got my girl friend reading it. We both like it, but my girl has one beef. In the copies we've seen, all the girls are pretty big busted. She wonders why? Being small, she wonders if it's sort of discrimination against small breasts. She also says that small-breasted women can be just as sexy and I agree, because I enjoy looking at her in the nude. Publish a copy with a girl about 32 or 34A and we'll be hooked.

Gary & Jan
Cincinnati, Ohio

We agree with the anonymous sage who said, "Any more than a mouthful is wasted." And we think a glance at our November issue—featuring Christy and Amber—proves you won't find any fugitives from the dairy farm in HUSTLER. Watch future issues for more scintillating spreads of girls whose delightful breasts can fit nicely into a champagne glass.

I would like to personally say that I really enjoy your magazine and especially your models who have shaved their pubic areas. The question I would like to ask is: Have you ever considered taking this trend one step further by featuring a model who has had her head shaved completely bald as well? This would really be a turn-on for me and many of your other readers.

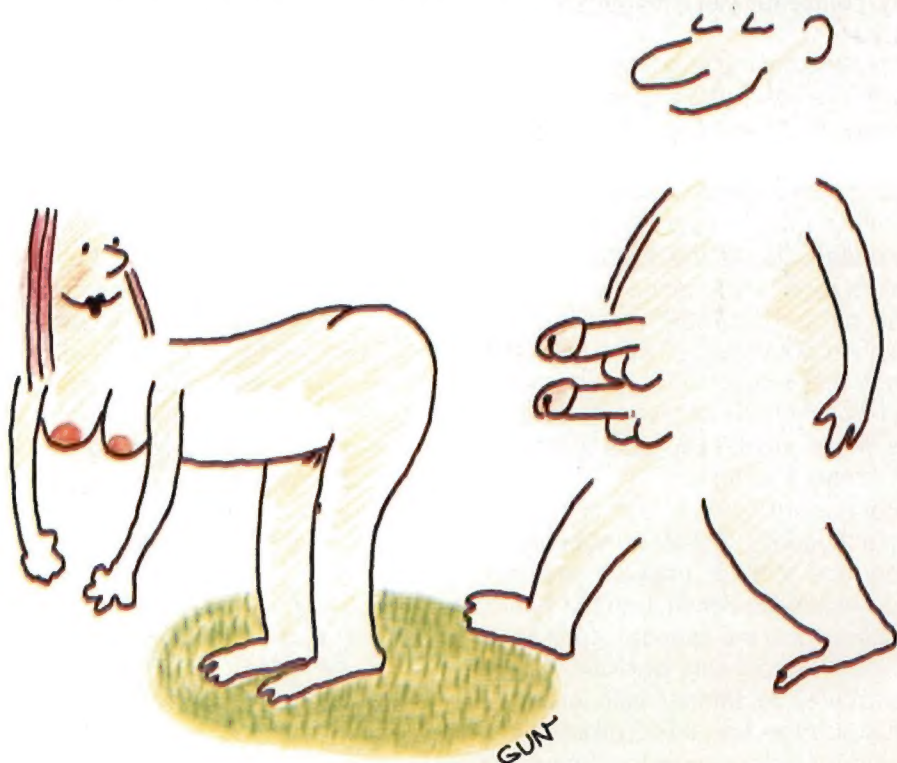
Bob Thomas
Omaha, Nebraska

We do have a little something for everyone, so wait your turn; we're sure you will get a pleasant surprise.

IT'S MY THING

Although I'm a woman, I enjoy reading your magazine and looking at all the pretty snatches you expose, both shaved and unshaved. But one thing that I notice is mentioned very little is those of us girls who like to make it with "Man's Best Friend."

If you can print this experience, I would like to tell you about it and see if any of the other girls are having as wonderful a time as I am. Our police dog has stayed in the house since he was a pup. One morning, after my husband had finished his breakfast and had gone to the office, I started to clean up the dishes and spilled some food on the floor. I got down on my hands and knees to clean



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it up (I had only my short nightgown and panties on) and Prince came up behind me and licked me right on the pussy! I screamed and bumped my head on the cabinet, scaring Prince as much as he had scared me. In a few minutes I thought about how wonderful it might be, so I took off my panties and got down there again, after putting some bacon grease on the lips of my vagina, and enticed Prince to try it again. We both seemed to enjoy it, and after doing that several times, I stroked him until his big red cock came completely out, and then I got him to mount me from behind "dog fashion." There is no way that a man can compare with his "Best Friend."

The temperature of Prince's cock is hotter, it stays hard longer, he works it faster, and when he finally comes he'll lick it all out with his long tongue. There are only two things wrong—if my husband were to find out about it I don't think that he would understand, and I'm afraid to turn Prince out in the yard to let him play for fear that he'll get in the street and get killed!

Let me know, girls, if you're having the same pleasure that I enjoy. Please withhold my name and town in Oklahoma.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We've heard of possessive women, but we never knew one who kept her lover in the house for fear he'd be run over by a truck! We're sure you'll find in this month's feature article, "Animal Sex Lovers," that many of your sisters do find dogs to be Woman's Best Friend, too.

I would like to bring a wonderful experience of mine to the attention of some of your other masochistic readers. It happened last summer

with a young girl at camp, where I am a counselor. First, I want you to understand that I am not a novice at sex, as many coeds at my college have dined on my pulsating 10-inch mule.

Anyway, this lovely 13 year old nymphet in my horseback riding class at camp seemed to be constantly staring at my bulging crotch during our lecture periods. One evening after lights out she came into my tent with an impish grin on her face, a grin which was brightened by the \$2,000 worth of braces in her mouth. She told me she would give anything if only she could suck my burning shaft and gargle the juices. Being without sex for over a week, I gladly accepted her advances.

She sucked and gobbled for what seemed an eternity. To my glee, her shining braces cut deeply into my prick and heightened my ecstasy. I thought nothing could match the pleasure/pain of that experience. However, the next morning as I was treating the slashes etched in my pole, I found myself reaching new heights as the alcohol I poured on it drove me wild. All I could do was grab the first thing I could find which would remind me of her gleaming, shining mouth. I wrapped my dick with a Brillo pad and jerked myself back into ecstasy.

Please share this experience with my fellow readers, in hopes that we may gain more ways to heighten my sado-masochistic desires.

D.B.

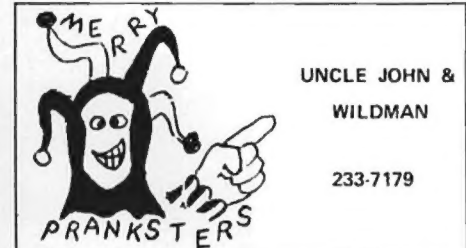
Address Withheld by Request

What do you do for an encore, run it through the garbage disposal? Pretty soon the coeds will be "dining" on your 2-inch mule. Being a teacher, it seems you would be smarter than to mess with 13 year old "nymphets." Get smart, Teach!

KEEP IT UP, HUSTLER

In November of last year, an organization was formed by the name of Merry Pranksters, Inc. Our main function is creating erotic chaos amongst ourselves and chosen others. We have endorsed your publication as the official Merry Pranksters magazine, due to it's erotic stimulation. Keep up the good work—you're every bit as sick as we are.

Uncle John & Wildman



P.S. We would like to hear from other readers who enjoy farting during intercourse.

Pool!

Fantastic—that's it! That's really a small word to describe an honest "let it all hang out" publication. I got so sick and tired of all the small talk and general bullshit I read in the other mags. All the phoney-sounding small talk from the centerfolds and other models. It really bugged me to read all that cornball stuff about the "girl-next-door-type." Bunk!

Oui was a taste of spring compared to *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, but your magazine was like a hurricane in fall. It really sent me. It's really great to discover a magazine I can truly identify with.

Ronald E. Moon

We agree. But our models are "the girl next door." It just so happens that today's "girl-next-door" is into rimming, fucking, and sucking as much as the Playboy/Penthouse kewpie dolls are into macrame and needlepoint.

DOWN ON HUSTLER

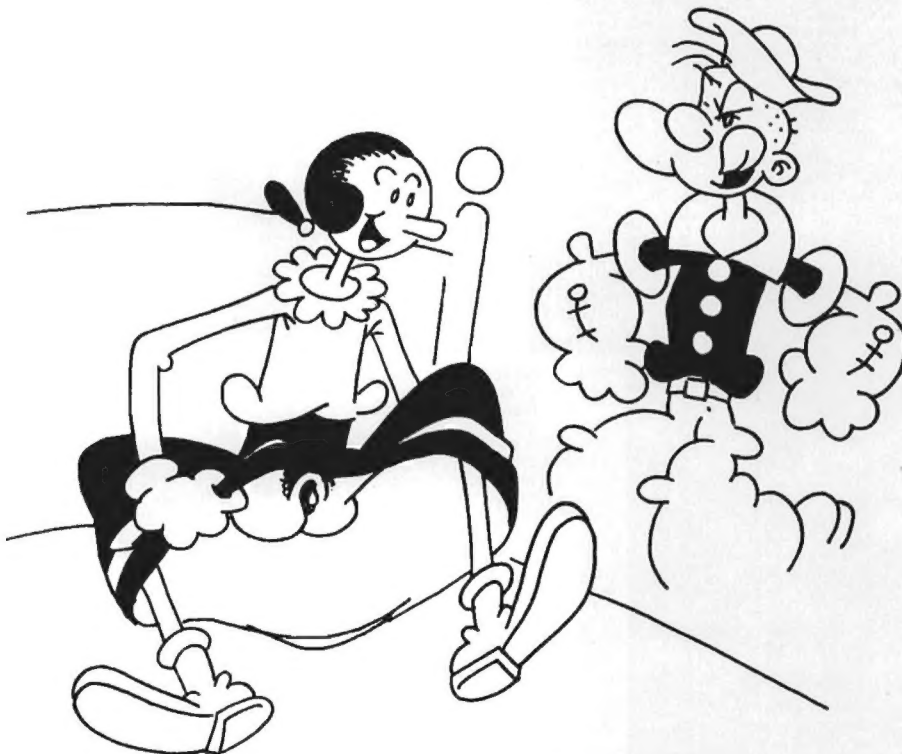
This is to let you know I have never seen such filth in a little old chintz magazine (and that is too good of a name for it) in my life. I have no idea how it got in my home—and the people who pose for you aren't fit to be called women—they are so degrading!! It is people like that that give ladies such a bad image. I just hope all you people at this address get well before the men in white coats with a net catch you.

No Name

We have no idea how it got in your home either... Maybe whoever in your house is dedicated to servicing you once a year needed the inspiration.

First, I would like to establish myself as an ex-fan of your magazine. I consider myself an average male who enjoys viewing the female

continued on page 71



"Yoo-hoo! Popeye! I used the spinach-flavored douche!"

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I am a recent medical school graduate and a fairly attractive unmarried male. When my father died in a tragic auto accident, I took over his mortuary business in the greater Hollywood area. One afternoon I received the body of a very beautiful movie starlet in her late twenties. That evening when I was working on her I got so excited from the sight of her body that I started making passionate love to her. Then I had intercourse with the corpse, and I had the most beautiful orgasm of my life. I continued to do this regularly with every young woman I received.

Then one night I decided to brighten things up a little. I procured an 8-in. steel rod which I inserted in a dead male's penis. Next I attached an electric motor to the male's buttocks. This motor is used to provide the pumping action. I got a sensuous female corpse about 18 years old, and put the male on top of her, inserting the rod-filled penis into her vagina, and turned the motor on. As the couple was getting it on, I ran upstairs and got one of my more recent porno sound tracks and turned it on. Boy! It turned me on, too. I took out my already-throbbing penis and masturbated till I had an orgasm. After it was all over, I suddenly realized I had never felt so good in my life. It made making love with a live body so meaningless. After this experience it seemed pointless to ever have a live one.

Although this is a most passionate experience, I wouldn't advise people to dig up bodies, because that can get a little gross. You probably think I'm sick, but I have no intention to hurt anyone. I don't think pleasuring myself with dead people can cause harm to anyone. After having these experiences with the dead for several months, I'm greatly relieved to have this brought out into the open. I'd like to contact other morticians with the same interests and try to get a group sex program started. If possible, I'd like you to advise me as to how I can do this without putting my career on the line.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Your ingenuity is beyond anything we have run into in a long time, and we are sure you will manage this new task you have set for yourself quite well.

We've been married almost seven years. My husband reads almost all men's magazines—soft- and hard-core. At first he tried to tell me he only liked the articles! We both get turned on by them. He's often mentioned how he enjoys the female body, and when we're together at a club or in the car he shows quite a bit of interest in other women. However, when he's at these places or in these situations without me, he behaves like the "perfect" dedicated husband.

Before we were married I had my share of sex, and because we went to different colleges thousands of miles from each other, I felt sure he would, too. Now, however, I find out he didn't ball anyone but me prior to getting married.

I've hinted, urged, and even tried to set up something with a friend on her consent. Previously my husband had mentioned he wouldn't mind "getting a piece of her ass." After a few drinks I left the room, but except for a few kisses and grabs, nothing happened. So, my friend, my husband and I decided through casual conversation individually, that maybe it'd be better if I were there to initiate things. I waited for the right time and place and made the first move. I kissed my husband while my friend watched and waited for her turn. Then I feigned doing something else and my friend made her move; then I fondled my husband's penis while he fondled and kissed and made advances to my friend. At what I thought was the right moment I tried to let her take over, but nothing happened!

Also, at a local bar, he played up to a gorgeous girl and they were getting it on pretty good for a while until my husband decided it was time we went home together, without our friend!

We love each other a lot, but a little excitement now and then would be good. I don't know how to convince, urge, or motivate him to loosen up a bit. We've talked about it and he has these fantasies and desires, but he says he loves me too much to take the chance on messing up what we've got. I don't think a little bit of extra curricular activity could mess up a good marriage. I've told him that and the fact that it would be a real turn on knowing he could or couldn't do something with somebody else.

What should I do or not do in order for him to relax so we can enjoy ourselves?

A.F.
Trenton, N.J.

You are a woman after our own hearts. We wish that more women felt the way you do. Marriages would be more workable and people much happier. There isn't anything we can suggest except to keep up the good work. From our experience, in a case like yours it's better if he has an experience before you do, so be patient. It sounds like you were on the right track with your friend. Maybe you can try it again. Don't rush things; it will all work out eventually.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Sometimes I find that misery is so vast that I am afraid of needing it.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

I am twenty-two years old, and I have had a fetish about nylon stockings since I was very young. It all started when all my sisters were living at home. I'd be watching television and one of my sisters would come in and sit down and put her feet up on the arm of my chair. They were older than me and they usually wore nylon stockings, so this drove me crazy, just looking and getting the odor of their feet.

For the past few years I've been trying to relive these experiences, but now most women are wearing pantyhose and they turn me off.

When I get horny I go into stores and look for women wearing nylon stockings and wait for them to slip off their shoes. I sometimes approach prostitutes and ask them if they'll wear nylon stockings for me and let me smell their feet, but I think \$30 is a little too much. I have a collection of nylons and a collection of pornographic nylon magazines, but I've gotten used to them and they don't turn me on any more.

What do you think?

Nylon Stocking Lover
Boston, Mass.

The best we can offer you is the consolation that you are not alone. The changeover from nylons with garters to pantyhose has shattered the dreams of millions. Nylons are still considered the ultimate in attire for sexual encounter. There is nothing in the preparation for sexual intercourse which can compare with a woman who knows how to remove her nylons. There are still a few masters of this art and perhaps you could talk your women friends into taking it up again. After all, can you picture Bergman and Bogart in Casablanca with pantyhose?

Almost freaked out over your September issue's 50 year old Kathy Keeton. I'm 34 and have always had a "thing" for older women. However, my problem is this: My mother-in-law (who is 59 years old) is a living doll. She'd match your Kathy Keeton anytime and frankly I'm dying to lay her.

I have three questions: 1) Do you think a 59 year old woman is still sexually active? 2) How can I approach her with the subject? 3) Do you think my desire is abnormal or natural for a son-in-law?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

1) We sure do know plenty of 59 year old women who we think are sexually attractive as hell. When a woman gets to be that age she often gets over all kinds of hang-ups, and sex can become pure joy. Definitely recommended if it's the right woman and you are both turned on. 2) The best way to approach her on the subject is to ask. She has probably heard more lines than you could ever think up. Your obvious problem is how she will feel about her daughter. Our suggestion is that you bring it up with your wife and see if it's OK by her. That would certainly ease things with your mother-in-law. Of course, whether or not that's a good idea depends on how everybody in your family feels about sex, so you'll have to play it by ear. 3) We don't think your desire is

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HUSTLER



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Say now, what's Hugh Hefner's paramour Barbi Benton doing in the pages of *HUSTLER* magazine? To be sure it is only a small photo of her, hanging

gracelessly over a steamy asshole—but the fault is more hers than ours. When Larry Flynt, *HUSTLER*'s publisher, accidentally bumped into her at the Suttmillers Club in Dayton, Ohio, she refused to even acknowledge his presence, much less his invitation for a drink to demonstrate that rivals can be

BITS & PIECES

friendly. Had she not been so rude, Flynt might have even offered her a shot at one of our juicy centerfolds.

As it stands, Barbi must be content with the smaller layout we have arranged here. She is, indeed, a lovely—if somewhat plastic—thing to behold; and her ascension through the ranks of Bunnydom is easily understood. *Playboy* specializes in smooth, seamless, sexless girls who never sweat, never suffer unseemly discharges, and never have their faces marred by foreheads wrinkled in thought. Within this context, Barbi is a natural: one can see, simply by looking at her beautiful though vapid face, that she has never been troubled by an attention span or a thought process. And even if Hefner did once begin to favor the charms of Karen Christy, it was rumored in

Bunnyland that he quickly returned to Barbi when he realized that she gave a much better blow job.

However, we must give Barbi her due. She has managed to carve out something of a career for herself as a Country & Western singer. In fact, she was doing her act in Dayton at the time Flynt ran into her.

"I felt sorry for the poor girl," Flynt recalls, "and I also had to admire her courage. Most people would let lack of talent stop them. But not her. She's got guts. I was especially impressed with the way she ignored those rude remarks from the customers about her singing."

Furthermore, Flynt wants Barbi to know that there are no hard feelings, and that after *Playboy* folds she can have a job at *HUSTLER* giving head to our staffers.

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

There are many methods of having your cake and eating it too, but recently this old saw has taken on a new slant. A few months ago, during the International Women's Year Conference held in Mexico, this graphic poster was on sale for a mere \$5.00. It was originally intended to symbolize the hopes of female supremacy, but as one feminist said, "No matter how you slice it, men are still pricks!"



YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY

Normally, we don't bother you readers with the affairs of children (unless it's an adolescent fantasy), but since we are pledged to inform you of all things sexual, we thought you'd like to know that those otherwise conservative Canadians have begun marketing baby dolls equipped with sex organs. In one of the most honest and uninhibited moves since Jody Maxwell guzzled a gallon of Ex-Lax, the Canadians have broken the ice in an area where we Americans, a few years ago, were afraid to tread even with size 30 snowshoes.

When a male genitally-equipped doll called "Little Brother" was unveiled in the States a few years ago, a howling furor was raised by American bluenoses. Social



critics were left to ponder the irony of a culture that permits baby dolls to urinate (through an asexual and unlikelike hole drilled in the crotch), but not to have the same innocent little

peckers and clefts that their juvenile owners possess, fondle, and wonder about. Luckily, our friends to the North are helping to rectify this paradox. Perhaps in a few years we'll be

ready for such dolls here in the States. Then little Johnny or Sally will no longer have to wonder why they don't have a crotch of smooth plastic like "Barbi" and "Ken."

PATTY HEARST RIP-OFF



The San Francisco Ball, that unabashed tabloid bag of Bay Area bilge, has pulled the rip-off to end all rip-offs by trying to pass off these hoked-up shots as a sensational nude exposé of Patty Hearst. Have you ever seen anything so phoney in your life? *The Ball* seems to think they can dress any slum goddess off of Telegraph Avenue up in a wig, dark glasses and cartridge belt, and a gullible public will accept her as the runaway renegade heiress. The real nut-busting irony about this shabby jour-



nalistic flim-flam is that a lot of naively-trusting readers will buy the *Ball's* ridiculous claim, convinced by HUSTLER's breakthrough nude photos of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis that it's possible to get nude photos of *any* celebrity—no matter how inaccessible.

Come on, *Ball*. Fun's fun, but you're shitting in the stream of journalistic credibility from which all of us raunch rags have to drink. As Bob Dylan said, "If you live outside the law (or on the edges of it), you must be honest."

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



SHE GOT SCREWED LAST NIGHT

SNUFF 'N' NONSENSE

Biggest news from the world of mob-controlled pornography (Charlie Manson Gore Sleaze Division) has been the infamous "snuff movies" rumored to be circulating in various Mafia-ridden cities. Snuff movies are films in which an unsuspecting actress is first fucked and then (surprise!) actually stabbed to death and dismembered, while the camera grinds on. Few people have actually seen a real snuff movie, but reliable sources in organized crime circles say they are for real, and are being discreetly peddled to hard-core blood 'n' gore freaks at \$1,500 per print.

Quite a few HUSTLER readers have written to us, asking our opinion of these gruesome flicks. Several of them assumed we would be in favor of snuff movies, since we occasionally run gag photos of synthetic cocks or tits being truncated. Wrong! We treat those gags as shock humor, the visual depiction of the consequences of biting a girl's nipple too zealously tweaks the reader's funny-bone with the jolting impact of a cold finger massaging his prostate. And, being the overgrown little boys that we are, we delight in such tasteless mockery. That's why we feature them in our off-the-wall Bits & Pieces section, and not in the more serious sections of the magazine. But snuff movies are way beyond tastelessness—or even shock. They're very serious, very sick, and we want no part of them. Knowing that there are ghouls around who are eager to lay out a small fortune to watch such a ghastly spectacle is just one more reason we Americans lead our lives behind triple-locked doors. Such people—and the creeps who make these movies—are criminally insane, and HUSTLER's brazen shock humor should not in any way be construed as an endorsement of them.

HARD-CORE EROTICA

For those of you who are into hard-core, you're sure to want to latch onto a copy of *Private*, the international color magazine of titillating erotica. With centerfold and all, it seems to be standing the world on end.



The secret of *Private*'s success is that it is just as strong as *Screw* and in full living color. It's internationally distributed, published in Sweden, and each page is printed in English, German, Swedish and French so that nearly everybody can read it. Most of the photo spreads in *Private* would make a dead man's cock sit up and take notice. Another innovative thing about *Private* is that it's printed with two covers, as shown here. In countries where censorship is vigorous, the plain cover is displayed. In countries where there are no censorship problems, like the Scandinavian countries, the original cover can be displayed. All in all, you will find the

same quality in *Private* that you would find in *Playboy*, except the photo features are super hard-core. To obtain *Private*, send \$6.00 to Private Press AB, FACK S-104, 62 Stockholm 17, Sweden.



ALICE IN FETISHLAND

Little Alice Potrzebie couldn't believe her eyes. She had been wandering for three weeks in the psychedelic city of San Francisco, stumbling from bar to bar, when she happened upon the First Annual Fetish, Leather, Bondage, Inquisition and Masquerade Ball. Suddenly, she found herself surrounded by every possible sex imaginable: animal sex, enema sex, slave sex, rubber sex, homogenized sex. Sex, sex, sex. She roamed past incredible spanking demonstrations, extra-long dramatic dildos, and a fun-loving group of shoebox and purse fuckers. It was all very kaleidoscopic, to say the least. Especially since Alice thought she'd found her way to the Westchester Dog Show, where she hoped to buy a cute lil' Mexican Hairless. When the dust cleared and the convention had ended, Alice got a job on *Fetish Times*, which had hosted the affair in the first place.



BITING SATIRE??

Several times in the past, HUSTLER has brought you anus-clinching photos designed to give you a squirming chuckle. Unfortunately, no two people have ever been affected by these gutsy goodies in quite the same manner. Where one person slapped his knee and guffawed like crazy, another gritted his teeth, went green around the gills, and quickly turned the page.

The present photograph is no exception. This tasteless little tit-bit had half of our staff

loving it and laughing, and the other half loathing it and leaving. In the end, we decided to do what we always do—leave it up to you, our readers. Throughout its publishing history, HUSTLER has never dictated its readers' tastes, and it's not about to do so now.

So, howzaboutit, America? Does this photo leave a bad taste in your mouth, or is it only a harmless, ribald elbow-nudger? The decision is up to YOU! (In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.)

SPERM MAY BE A CAUSE OF CANCER

NEW YORK—A researcher here has found a connection between sex and cancer.

Ellen Borenfreud, a biochemist at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, says that spermatozoa may be linked to cancer of the prostate in men.

"I'm not saying the Surgeon General ought to come out with a statement saying that sex is dangerous," Ms. Borenfreud says. "But spermatozoa might play a role in these cancerous conditions."

The prostate is the second most frequent site of cancer in men, while the cervix is the fourth most frequent site of cancer in women.

The biochemist says that during the past year she has introduced sperm from mice and rats into a culture dish containing somatic (body) cells. Some of the sperm penetrated the cells and induced changes that resulted in abnormal growth.

The changes were similar to those that take place when cells are treated with carcinogens (cancer-causing agents).

Ms. Borenfreud speculates that sperm transports a virus or other cancer-causing agent to the cervix or prostate. It is also possible that sperm itself may somehow upset the reproductive systems of individual cells, causing cancer.

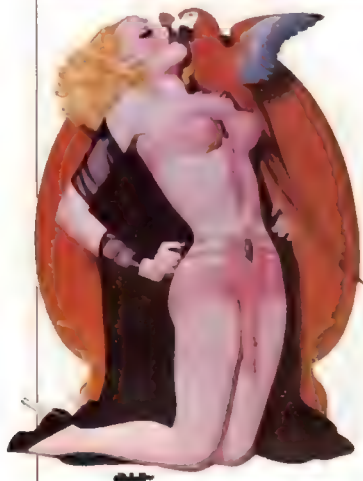
NEWSDAY NEWS SERVICE



SHE-SHIRT

Roach Studios, those rascally artistic masters who gave you such eye-popping T-shirt designs as "Happiness is a Tight Pussy" and "Get Your Shit Together," have finally begun churning out something other than their usual herd of scabrously suggestive animals coupled with clever but cutie-pie puns. Their latest project, one which HUSTLER roguishly

endorses, is to recreate on chest-cotton selected visual masterpieces from days gone by which combine the erotic with the artistic. These designs not only attract attention, but also indicate that the wearer has a taste for the finer things in life. To get in on this new Underwear Revival, send 75¢ for a Roach-infested catalog to P. O. Box 182 HLR2-76, Worthington, Ohio, 43085.





BEAUTY CUNT-TEST COMPROMISE

Pictured here are Lynn Lindgren and Lisa Alligood, co-winners of this year's "Ms. All-Bare America" beauty contest, held recently in New York City. The reason there were two winners instead of the usual one was *not* because contest promoter Ron Swenson wanted to double the spectators' pleasure, but because one of the winners was rumored to have gotten her crown by pulling the contest honchos. Seems after Lynn Lindgren was crowned the original winner, the contest judges claimed they had not voted for the awesomely-titted blonde lass; in fact, a straw vote among the judges indicated raven-haired, perky-breasted Lisa Alligood was *their* favorite. Obviously, there was some sort of hanky-panky going on "behind the scenes," because after several lengthy conferences with the cushy contestants, everybody returned with dripping smiles and compromised by crowning both of the girls for their charms and abilities. The more the merrier, we say. Too bad other beauty contests can't be honest enough to admit that the contestants give themselves a leg up by spreading theirs.

Global Communications

CUMIC BOOK

Ready for the ultimate in rot? *Felch* is the filthiest comic book yet to seep up from the underground, a little *snatch*-sized volume of smut that will send even the most jaded reader down to the local drugstore for a bottle of eyewash and a package of breath fresheners.

The word "felch" refers to the oral retrieval of semen from the anus, and is the theme worked over and over by underground cartoonists like Robert Crumb, S. Clay Wilson, Robert P. Williams, William

Stout, Spain, Jim Osborne, Evert Geradts, and Schenkman in *Felch Cumics*. With titles like "The Nectar of Satan," "The Felching Vampires Meet the Holy Virgin," and "Morning in Mallorca," it will have you drooling all over your washboard and waterbed. This little splotch of slime costs a buck and can be ordered from Keith Green, Box 11101, San Francisco, California 94101. The perfect gift for Valentine's Day.

Clay Geerdes



QUEEN CLIT

What you see here is *not* an aerial view of Mt. Everest, or a close-up photo of the nose cone of a pink 1942 Studebaker. In actuality, it is a detailed portrait of Jody Maxwell's claim to become the royal consort of that Monarch of Meat, King Dong. Seems "The Singing Stick-licker"

came across earlier articles in *HUSTLER* about the King, and logically decided that her jumbo joy-button (or in this case, joy-knob) made her the mate King Dong's mammoth member was created for. Unfortunately, we have been unable to contact His Majesty to inform him that his royal regent

has revealed herself. He set off some months ago, on a King's quest among the common folk of his realm, for the sexual Cinderella who could fit his golden rod. So, King, wherever you are, if you're reading this put an end to your restless seeking of the Hole-y Quail. Your Queen has come, at last!



FROMME'S HAIR TO ETERNITY

Seeing as how HUSTLER featured an uninhibited nude photo feature of ex-First Lady Jackie O. in our August issue, we decided it was only fair to give equal time to the opposition. So, herewith a candid snapshot of would-be assassin Lynnette "Squeaky" Fromme, at ease with fellow Charlie Manson disciple, Sandra Good.

The thoughtful expression on Squeaky's face indicates she's contemplating either Sandra's right tit or, possibly, the firing mechanism of the Colt .45 automatic pistol. Guess what subsequent events proved Squeaky to be



more familiar with? Score one for Sandra Good's right tit. Incidentally, close inspection reveals that that's Squeaky's pubic hair peeking out enticingly from under Sandra's left arm—not Sandy's armpit thatch.

According to the ex-con who supplies our Kinky Korner

editor with leatherwear at five-finger discount, this photo is one of a series of raunchy nude shots the Manson girls were smuggling to Charlie in San Quentin, where he's serving Eternity and a Day. The scam was for Manson to curry favor with fellow inmates and guards by supplying them with prime

whack-off material, such as this. Somehow, a half-glimpsed view of Squeaky Fromme's pubic hair seems pretty tame. Squeaky may not prove that—in the Presidential assassination game—the female of the species is deadlier than the male; but they're sure a lot more fun to look at nekkid.

GRUESOME TWOsome

What kind of asshole would shoot his wife just because he had lost his virility? Deservee

Sutton of Oakland, California—that's who. Apparently he just couldn't face his growing impotency (a not-uncommon state of being for a man of seventy-nine), and rather than accept the fact that his cock was as old as the rest of his withered body, Deservee

decided to blame it on his common-law wife, Mabel. He claimed that she had been mixing saltpeter with his food for the last four years. She got mad, kicked his wheelchair, and stormed out the door. This upset old Deservee even more, so he pulled out his 20-gauge

shotgun and proceeded to blow his ladylove off the front porch steps. She was pronounced D.O.A. at the Merritt Hospital and he was booked for murder. At his age, if they give him life imprisonment, he won't have long to wait.

Herm Albright

TITBURGER

Ever had the urge to nibble on a nipple? How about the need to gnaw on a juicy piece of meat?

Psychologists tell us what the French have known for years, mainly that there's more than

just a casual link between fine food and furious fucking.

Let's face it, whether you

prefer a tube steak to a veal cuntlet, or a cocksicle to a slice of hair pie, eating out is always a ball, right? And the money-making possibilities for marketing erotic food go way beyond aphrodisiac recipes, strawberry-flavored douches, or teasing tushies suggesting you "Have It Your Way (Missionary Position? 69? Doggie-Style?)." The plain and simple truth of the matter is that the public is literally starving for affection. What America needs is a fast fucking food chain!

So, come on, Colonel Sanders, we want to chew on a cute little chick. And you, Ronald McDonald, you fucking clown, why don't you get up off of your sizzling buns and whip us up a size 40-D Whopper like this one? We deserve a break today!



ONE GOOD SCREW DESERVES ANOTHER

Al Goldstein, that fuzzy-faced fetish fancier and occasional editor of *Screw* magazine, is raising his cane again. Seems he's envious of all the success which *HUSTLER* has received of late, and now the oldtimer thinks he can do just as good a job with a slick national magazine as he's done in the past with his little localized tabloid. Not long ago, Uncle Al disclosed his hopes of publishing a mag entitled *National Screw*, and then went on to mutter something in his beard about knocking Larry Flynt down into second place.

As most of our readers know by now, *HUSTLER* always welcomes good and healthy competition, because it is the primary prerequisite for the American system of free enterprise. It makes people try their

hardest and do their best. For this reason, we want to wish the aged Goldstein all the breaks in the world with his presumptuous project. Nothing would please us more than to have all things equal with every man battling it out for top honors.

Good Luck, Al—you old fart! And don't forget your Geritol.



BANGKOK BURGER-BITS

Dear *HUSTLER*:

I have recently become an avid fan of your magazine. I thoroughly enjoy your "no bars held" pictures and your BITS & PIECES articles.

I am one of the few GI's left holding down the fort in Bangkok, Thailand. Recently I ran across the enclosed article

in the *Bangkok Post* (one of the three English-language newspapers published here). If you choose to use this article, I request that \$15 of the payment you offer go toward a one-year subscription to *HUSTLER*.

Keep up the good work—you publish a terrific magazine.

W.J.M.

Mechanic castrated by jealous wife

CHACHO ENGSAO

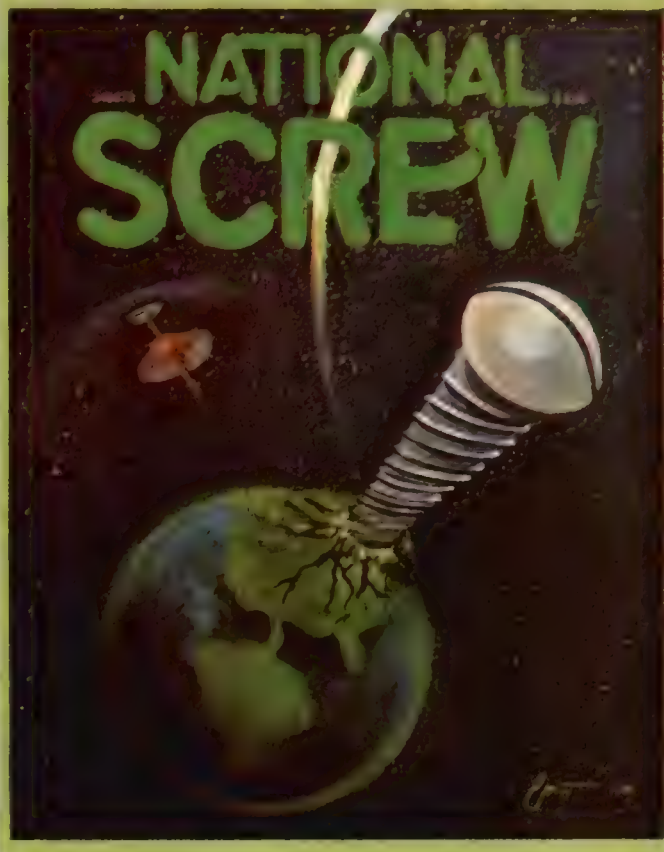
A 26-YEAR-OLD motorcycle mechanic was castrated by his wife while asleep in Tambon Banmai early Friday morning police said yesterday.


The mechanic, identified as Mr. Rungsan sae Tun was allegedly castrated by Mrs. Duangkhae to end his philandering activities.

Mrs. Duangkhae threw Mr. Rungsan's organ out of the window and then rushed to give herself up to Muang District Police authorities.

Mrs. Duangkhae told police that she wanted to punish her husband after she found out that Mr. Rungsan has three minor wives.

Mr. Rungsan was rushed to the provincial hospital for medical treatment but without his organ which was eaten by a hungry dog beneath the house.



If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to *HUSTLER*. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. 



SEX PLAY



Toys For Turning On

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the ninth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for **HUSTLER**. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Farr

You may have been wondering where all the multiple orgasms in women we've been hearing about are coming from. I mean, most of us are finding that we have enough trouble bringing a woman to *one* orgasm without worrying about a whole *string* of them. What's going on here? Why this disparity between what Masters and Johnson advertise and what is actually delivered? Well, the secret is, of course, the *vibrator*!

What Masters and Johnson were doing was setting women up in an elaborate laboratory contraption where they could have total control over their own stimulation with all of the AC power backing it up that they could possibly want. Presto! Multiple orgasms...five, ten, twenty...physical exhaustion was found to be the only limit to how many times a woman could get off.

Okay, so electric orgasms with a secret machine lay behind the Masters and Johnson success, but what does this have to do with the average woman at home? The answer to that one is simple. What once was available only through custom machinery is now available through General Electric, Oster, Panasonic, etc., and can be found in the small appliance department of any drug or department store—the modern vibrator.

For several years women have been discovering the pleasure of masturbating with vibrators. Actually, their use predates Masters and Johnson. One woman I know discovered what she could do with an electric appliance between her legs when she was thirteen. After that she would try anything that came along—electric toothbrushes, the back of an electric razor, an electric cocktail mixer, etc. We always

wondered why she was into guys with motorcycles. She used to say: "It's all that power between my legs."

Anyway, back to vibrators. Contrary to what many believe, very few women insert a vibrator into the vagina. Rather, it is applied over the clitoris. A plug-in model is always preferred over the battery-operated varieties because of the greater power. A woman will get comfortable in bed or in a favorite chair, lean back, open her legs, apply her vibrator, and take off into a sea of orgasms. All of which leads to the obvious question: Where does a *man* fit into all of this?

Surprisingly enough, a man fits very well into all of this. The important thing to remember is that the sensations a woman gets from a vibrator, as great as they are, are mechanical and impersonal, two things which keep many women from getting into

vibrators as easily as they might. If the woman you are fucking is not into vibrators, you can make a friend for life by helping to turn her on. Vibrators and fucking go together. There is nothing like having your cock in her cunt and a vibrator on her clitoris simultaneously, to really satisfy a woman.

There are a large variety of vibrators on the market today, many available in drug and appliance stores. Two similar Japanese models are made by Panasonic (the Panabrator) and Hitachi. They are of the plug-in variety and have handles about nine inches long, at the end of which is a vibrating head. The head is held over the clitoris, sometimes with a towel in between to soften the stimulation. The Panasonic is unique in that it has a "volume control" to vary the intensity. The Panasonic vibrator is a favorite of most women and is famous for being able to run indefinitely without overheating. Cost runs around \$20.

A vibrator which has been attracting a lot of attention recently is the Prelude. The Prelude is the only plug-in vibrator which is designed and advertised specifically for clitoral stimulation. It is small, compact, and extremely quiet. The Prelude has several changeable heads, so you can test them for the one you or the woman you are with likes best. The vibration pitch of the Prelude is high, giving a particularly intense but subtle sensation. Cost runs around \$20, and the Prelude is available from Sensory Research Corp., 2800 Springfield Avenue, Vauxhall, New Jersey 07088. Send for catalog.

The third kind of plug-in vibrator commonly used for sex is the Oster Stimulux, which fits on the back of the hand and is the kind barbers use to massage your scalp after a haircut. This kind of vibrator is less useful than those previously mentioned because it is heavy and awkward, but it is also extremely powerful and is nice because it works by making your fingers vibrate, which you then place on or in the woman. These run from \$30 to \$50, and the cheaper, imitation models are a false economy, so don't buy them.

There are many other kinds of vibrators available, including all sizes of battery-operated penis-shaped models; Ben-Wa Dancing Eggs, which are egg-shaped and fit into a woman's cunt (or ass) and have a thin wire running to a small battery pack which you carry in your pocket; and numerous brands of plug-in vibrators, including the G. E. Heat Massager. Variety is the spice of life.

Let's we give the impression that vibrators are for women only, they aren't! Men can find plenty of ways to play with these electrified sources of stimulation. The Panasonic can be applied just below the head of the penis (on the head is usually too intense) for a unique kind of orgasm, one which is smoother but less intense than that gotten from masturbating by hand. The Oster can be

used on the back of the hand while gripping the penis, but I usually find that too intense.

Any of these vibrators can be used around the opening of the anus, and several (such as the small head of the Prelude or the egg-shaped Ben-Wa) can be inserted up the ass for a kind of turn-on which I seldom try but particularly enjoy when I do.

Begin your love-making in whatever way you normally would. Once she is opened up and you are inside of her, apply the vibrator to her clitoris. She may prefer holding it herself or having you hold it for her. Ask. She should be able to come quite quickly, especially with the double stimulation. In fact, the stimulation from a vibrator relaxes the muscles so well that it is especially good for use in anal intercourse. The woman is so turned on that most discomfort from rear penetration is overcome.

Some women are initially uptight about using a vibrator. Remarks include: "It's too mechanical," or "I don't like the noise," or "I prefer vaginal orgasms; the orgasms from the vibrator are too superficial," or simply, "I'd rather have a man in me."

In almost every case, exposure has led to conversion. I keep an extra vibrator around to lend to new women friends, who usually keep it. I've had to buy a dozen replacements. If a woman is really reluctant to have you use a vibrator on her, leave one around and let her try it out at her own leisure. Conversion is guaranteed. It is also a good idea to keep a couple of different kinds around so that a woman can experiment and find the kind she likes best.

Some women are worried about becoming addicted to a vibrator, afraid that if they use one too much they won't be able to come without it. This is possible, but if it happens, abstaining from the vibrator for a couple of weeks will return everything to normal.

Some men are uptight about women using vibrators—being replaced by a machine and all that. The point is that we are not being replaced, merely supplemented, and certainly to our advantage. If a man sees the act of making a woman come as an issue of ego, as something he is trying to prove about himself, he is in for trouble with or without a vibrator. For sex to really work well, you have to be willing to *let* whatever is going to happen, happen. If you decide you are going to *make* something happen, you are setting yourself up for disaster. With a more relaxed attitude, you can let the vibrator just find its place. I

THE PHILOSOPHER

The far away, the very far, the farthest, I have found only in my own blood.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

own several vibrators myself and often take one with me if I am visiting a woman with whom I am going to have sex and I know that she doesn't have one. If she has never used one before, she is usually eager to try, especially when she senses that I am turned on by the whole idea. Along with Italian sports cars, German motorcycles, and a knowledge of French wines, the vibrator has become a standard item in the repertoire of the sophisticated man of the world.

Last but not least, we shouldn't forget the purpose for which most vibrators are advertised: body massage. Both men and women can enjoy having all parts of their bodies turned on with vibrators.

Okay, so vibrators are fantastic. What else can we try? I mean, there has to be more to play with than just vibrators. Well, of course, there are a lot of great things to get into, not the least of which is your own or a friend's swimming pool. You may have noticed that many swimming pools have a jet of water coming in about a foot or so below the surface. Hanging on to the side of the pool, you can maneuver yourself so that the jet is directed between the legs. Water orgasms!

Water orgasms are also available in the privacy of your own bathtub. A hand-held shower attachment or a Nirvana whirlpool attachment (available in department stores) runs on water pressure and uses no electricity, and can be used to direct the water between the legs. Many women are particularly attached to water orgasms. I know one who comes only in the bathtub. I also like to try it out once in a while.

Finally we come to the most suggestive of all sex toys, the dildo: a hard or soft disembodied rubber penis in all varieties of shapes and sizes. In group sex, they are good for filling any orifices which might come floating by, and in intimate love-making between yourself and a woman, they allow something extra, a little variety to spice up your life.

If you really want to get into something special, you might try having a woman fuck you with a strap-on dildo. Now here is a real reversal of energy, a chance to be on the receiving end. Select a dildo of comfortable size and have her follow the instructions for anal intercourse in the July Sex Play column. Tender loving care and plenty of lubrication are the keys to success. Once in, she can go at you the way you go at her, letting it all out the other way. Shift your ass around so that you are comfortable and you may feel yourself starting to come from the inside. The stroking of the dildo against your prostate plus the pressing of her stomach against your penis can lead to a fantastic orgasm. If you need help, use your hand. It will give your woman a great feeling of satisfaction to get you off, discovering that she is a real fucker!



HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our **Hard-On Rating Guide** is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore. (Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.)

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you use a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

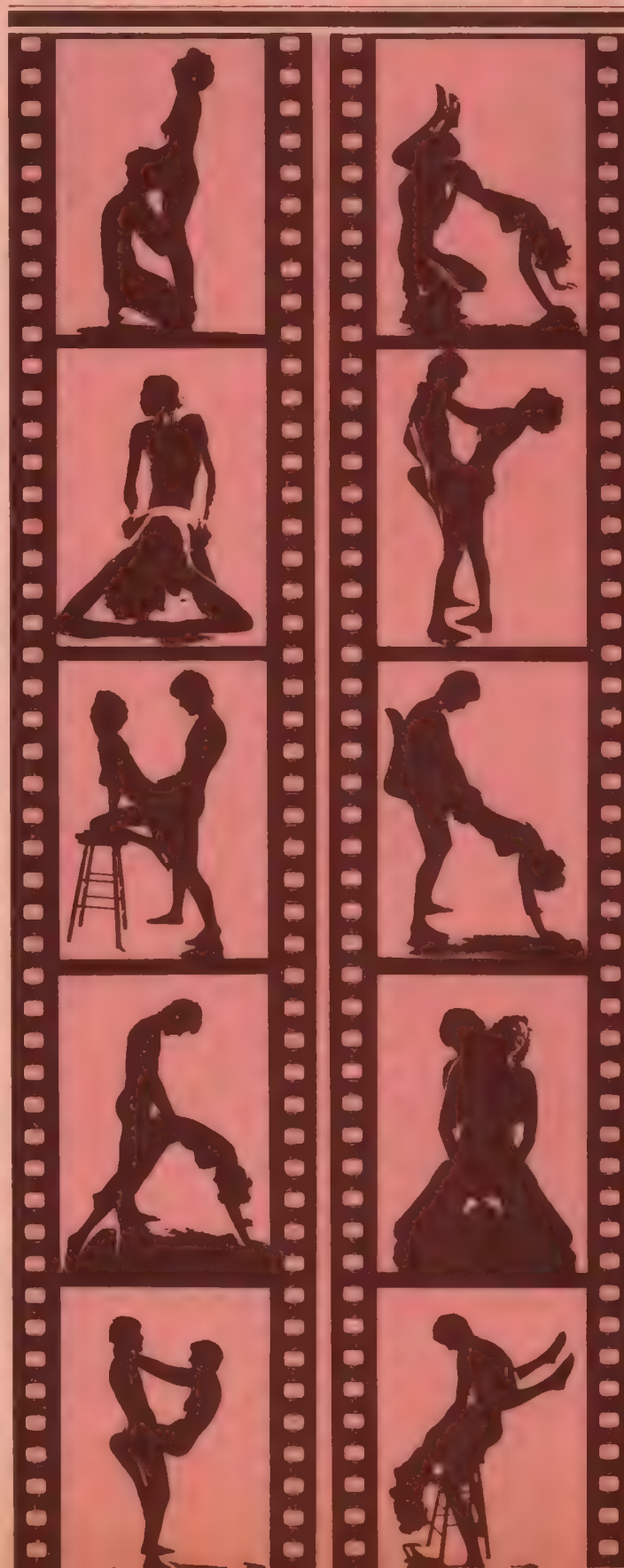
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

CHINESE BLUE

Oriental women have long been the object of sexual fantasies and erotic daydreams in the Western world. They have been typecast as virtual slaves of pleasure: finely-tuned love machines.

A widely-held belief—based upon lurid tales brought back by early travelers to Asia—is that Korean, Vietnamese, Japanese and Chinese girls are raised

X-RATED MOVIE REVIEWS



from childhood to provide maximum stimulation to the male of the species. Westerners, mostly well-to-do businessmen with money to spend on the ultimate luxuries of life, would return to their homelands with the most incredible stories to tell. It was said that you could find "almost anything," from live sex shows featuring animals, to girls who were willing to deliver an A-1 blow-job in a doorway for the equivalent of fifty cents. Hong Kong, Tokyo and Saigon quickly became overrun with dens of iniquity. For the right remuneration you could watch someone being fucked by a donkey—or have one fuck you.

During World War II, Hirohito, the Emperor of the Land of the Rising Sun, took ample advantage of the situation. He employed Tokyo Rose to fill the airwaves of the South Seas with Japanese propaganda. Talking in a low, throaty manner—her voice filled with seductiveness—the Oriental bombshell nightly called for our boys to leave their posts and surrender. And while no one is known to have deserted due to her broadcasts, the Pentagon nevertheless considered Tokyo Rose a thorn to contend with, and a real pain in the ass.

Today, matters haven't changed radically. Try as we may, it seems impossible to erase the image of the Geisha playmate—a delicate porcelain doll with a slender torso, tapered limbs and a voluptuous pair of lips ripe for sucking—from our minds.

The producers of porn have capitalized on what seems to be a surefire theme! During the last year we've seen what appears to be an endless parade of Oriental skin-flicks. *China Girl*, *Oriental Blue*, and *The Pleasure Masters* are only a few of the titles flashed across the screen. Some of these films were worth viewing, while the majority were about as nutritious as a steady diet of brown rice.

Chinese Blue is easily distinguished from the rest of the poorly cultivated crop. It is the only X-rated movie of the Orien-



tal variety to actually have been filmed outside the United States. The dirty streets of New York's Chinatown have been replaced by the neon-lighted byways and dingy alleyways of Hong Kong. *Chinese Blue* captures the true flavor of this steaming metropolis. Among its cast of characters are the prettiest girls in all the land. Interestingly enough, the importers of this torrid affair have not bothered to dub in English dialogue. Instead, subtitles appear at the bottom of the screen. Normally I would be turned off by such a practice, since reading the script tends to distract the viewer from the action. However, since the dialogue is not really that essential in this case, it doesn't have as bad an effect.

The film's super-stud hero, George Ling, is shown seated in the den of his father's lavish apartment. His dad puts his hands around George's shoulders and issues a proclamation: "My son, it's time you took a vacation. Here are the plane tickets. Go to Hong Kong. Relax. They have the world's most beautiful women there. It's a sexual paradise.

Anxious to get away, but skeptical about Hong Kong being the land of everlasting lust, George decides to accept the offer. Aboard the jet to Hong Kong, he is treated to a small dose of what is to come. Seated across from him is an exotic youngster. She is fondling a

banana. Watching her out of the corner of his eye, George sees her peel the fruit and mush it around the hairy lips of her succulent pussy. Within seconds, the damsel approaches an orgasm. No one else on the plane seems to take notice. George, however, makes a mental note of the peculiar activity. He is beginning to appreciate his father's kind gesture.

Once in Hong Kong, George journeys a short distance outside the city, where the Ling family retains a fully-staffed villa. On the premises are twenty sensuous females. He selects a smiling and charmingly humble Chinese girl to share the first night. The fun has just begun.

Unfortunately things do not go too well in the days ahead. Late one evening, he picks up three streetwalkers and returns to their pad for some drinking and socializing. After a while they decide to play the kissing game. The three pros blindfold him and George has to guess which girl is which solely by tonguing them. Before you can say "Pass the chopsticks, please," he does a strip. The Chinese Barbie Dolls join in. Their oral activities lead to some hard-core tossing and turning on the Oriental rug. At five the next afternoon, George comes to. The booze has knocked him out. Seated with his head in his hands, suffering from a hangover, the three girls come skipping into the room. "You

were a real swinger, honey!" With this, they reveal the presence of six hidden cameras. "We caught it all on film. It should bring a lot of money!" Later, out in the street, George shakes his swollen head. He's been taken.

George's luck changes from bad to worse. He is beaten to a pulp by Kung Fu experts. Hoods blackmail him for his last dollar. There is no end to his misery. He soon wishes he were back in the safety of his parents' home.

While there is nothing unusually kinky about the sex—a lesbian scene, an orgy, a girl fingering herself with a lollipop, and an American charmer with a fag sumo wrestler for a husband—*Chinese Blue* is opulently photographed. It is the first porno film made in cinemascope, giving this tidbit an unusual feeling of depth. You're right up there, baby, sucking tits and licking pussy!

Truthfully, I'd rather be in Hong Kong sampling this sexual paradise in person—instead of watching it from a cramped theater seat. Failing that, viewing the film *Chinese Blue* is a fine consolation prize.

NIGHT CALLER



It's midnight in San Francisco. A handsome young man dials the phone in his apartment. He hears three rings before the party on the other end answers.

"Hello, is this Sandra?" the man inquires.

"Yes," comes a weary reply. Obviously Sandra has been sleeping.

"When's the last time you had your pussy eaten?" the caller asks in a husky, deep-throated tone. "I can put something on your tender clit that will make it burn with pleasure. Is your pussy starting to get wet, honey?"

The young girl is aghast. For a moment she is unable to speak. Then the silence is broken with a crisp retort. "If I was anywhere near your cock, I'd cut it off and burn it!" Sandra hangs up in disgust. The caller is frustrated. He had been beating off and is on the verge of coming when the conversation is abruptly ended.



Robert, played by David Book, is, as you might have guessed, a "phone freak." He gets his kicks by calling girls at random and talking dirty to them. One night he is awakened by the sound of love-making coming from across-the-airshaft. Peeking out his window, he can see a man and a woman writhing in the throes of passion. They are fucking wildly in a variety of positions. From then on, Robert dreams of raping her—forcing his cock into her moist slit.

Determined to have his way, our pervert calls the gal next door several times, after obtaining her name from the mail box outside her apartment building. He proceeds to bombard her eardrums with salty and abusive language.

Carol, played by Monique Starr, becomes hysterical. Her husband is away on business.

She feels deathly isolated and is frightened by what the "night caller" might do next.

Robert devises an ingenious method to meet the tantalizing female voice on the other end of the phone. Once he has gotten Carol's confidence, he is invited to her apartment. The couple chat, drink and dance. Finally, Robert grabs Carol's princess phone, near her bed, and places the receiver to his mouth. He talks into it obscenely, giving away his true identity. "Now do you know who I am?" he demands. Carol screams, but only once, for Robert grabs her.

They struggle. The girl is easily subdued. Robert agrees to let her go if she cooperates. Seeing that her fate has been sealed, Carol nods her head.

The rape of Carol's slender body turns into a torrid affair. Carol seems almost to lose control of her emotions while in the company of the "caller." One of the producers of this meaty venture told me that Monique got so turned on during the shooting of this scene that they had to retake this particular portion of the film several times. She was acting too aroused for a girl who was being forced to perform all manner of perverted acts against her will.

Night Caller is one of those films which produces a warm glow, but falls inches short of generating a solid hard-on. The film is suspenseful in spots. With the help of a little script development, it could have been a decent mystery—with a sexual twist. As it is, the sex tends to drag; however, the superior acting makes up for it.

The moral of this film is clear: If your phone rings late at night, beware—it just might be the *Night Caller*.

This flick is a real slammer.

FIREWORKS WOMAN



This is a film of incestuous longing. In addition, like any tempting sundae, our cherry topping comes in the form of

water sports, self-flagellation, sodomy, rape, and a host of other bizarre techniques, including a male being deep-throated by a very much alive fish. This scene really hauled us in—hook, line and sinker.

Angie (played by Jennifer Gordon) has been having extreme difficulty sleeping. Every night, upon dozing off, her brother Peter comes to her in a dream. She cannot help but remember those tender moments spent together four years ago on Cape Cod, during a thunderstorm. "We didn't make love like we were beginners, but like we'd done it many times before. There was no end to our hunger for each other. We fucked for hours!"

Peter, who since the incident has become a priest, tries his damndest to avoid seeing his sister alone. However, one day she visits him in the local church where he preaches. The young and handsome clergyman tells Angie to "repent," to "shake off her selfish desires." He instructs her to serve others.

Taking her brother literally—and this is where the action picks up—she goes to work as a maid. The lady of the house, a Mrs. Walters, treats her dog better than Angie. One day, a sinister-looking stranger arrives. Mrs. Walters informs him "Angie is here to serve us—the church sent her. She will do our bidding!" The man agrees. He tells Angie she is stupid and makes her lift her dress and urinate. "Pretend you're a little girl. Make wee-wee for Mommy and Daddy."



The backdrop of *Fireworks Woman* is peaceful and tranquil New England. In the beginning all is calm and carefree, and finally toward the middle of the picture—during a rowdy Fourth of July celebration—the fireworks begin. As cherry bombs explode and sky rockets shoot high into the stratosphere, a party atmosphere becomes obvious. There is dancing on the lawn, open groping on the beach, and a wild orgy with

dozens of participants. Angie is the center of attraction. She has an animal magnetism about her that makes it impossible for anyone to resist.

Peter hears of the "party" and arrives just in time to view an uncountable number of hands—both male and female—roaming over the entire lust-filled body of his sister. He is sickened by the sight but, at the same time, is inwardly titillated in knowing that his sister is about to be fucked—willingly—in every conceivable posture known to God.

While we may never know for sure if their relationship is to be consummated again, in the last few feet of footage we see Peter taking his sister by the hand and leading her off. Strange are the ways of the world.

This film has an eerie, foreboding quality that sends the moviegoer home feeling sorry for the main characters. Though *Fireworks Woman* is well done and unusually "dirty," I like my sex a lot more clean-cut, thank you!

BOOKS

SINEMA

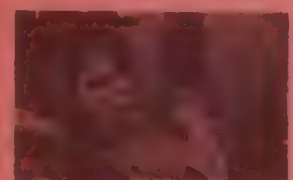
by Kenneth Turan and Stephen F. Zito

Praeger Publishers, New York
\$8.95 (hardcover)

Way before adult audiences went down *Deep Throats*,

SINEMA

American Pornographic Films
and the People Who Make Them



Behind Green Doors, visited *The Devil* with Miss Jones, or spent a few *Afternoons* with Pamela Mann, the porno film was less show and more tail. According to its chronologers, the capricious court of cinematic copulation got its bare-bottomed start in the nudist-camp pictures of the 1950s. But the medium didn't stay there long. And thanks to "Sinema," a rather comprehensive—although definitely not erotic—work, the reader can trace the growth of pubic performing art from the titillating days of Russ Meyer's *Mr. Teas*, to the totally erect and throbbing adventures of such orgasmic artists as John Holmes and Georgina Spelvin. The well-hung history of the porno flick business is presented with minimal wit and maximal fact. The authors spare the theory and develop the rapid progress of a celluloid art which went from volleyball games to grinding groins, and from sensuality to sordidness. Combining interviews of a few of the pube-antic pioneers: Russ Meyer, Radley Metzger (who, under the name of Henry Paris, directed *Pamela*

Mann), Marsha Jordan, Pat Rocco (yes, the boy market is given many inches of space) and early all-the-way actress Mary Rexroth, with meaty meetings with current porno populars: Gerard Damiano, Marilyn Chambers, Harry Reems, and Cal Culver, the book also features quality pictures of these and other "poles and holes" in the skin-trade.

AROUND THE WORLD

by Bud Drake
Midwood Books #60568
\$1.95

This one will make your head spin and your cock shoot off like a roman candle. The plot deals with a kind-hearted boss who sends his secretary off in pursuit of a "mystery man." The heroine misses her client in Amsterdam and has to travel on to Madrid for a quick encounter with a lesbian; then it's back to Amsterdam, where she meets up with the mystery man's chauffeur, who takes her to Athens, fucking her



little tail enroute. Once again she misses her appointment, but in Scotland she introduces a naive teenage boy to the pleasures of her body. This sort of plot device continues until, many chapters later, she finally exposes the mysterious client by way of the snake tattooed on his cock. If the description of this tasty tale seems uneven, it's probably due to the fact that the whole book is not much more than a succession of succulent short stories,

linked together by our heroine-in-heat and her masculine quest and conquests.

SEX INITIATION

by Joan Atkins
Eros Publishing Co. TL-126
\$2.25



Sex in Hemet, California, leaves a great deal to be desired, so dainty Debby, a firm believer in digital daydreaming and thinking sexual thoughts while clicking her clit, travels to Los Angeles to visit her father, a show business stud named Marc. Daddy runs a studio-agency which can get girls into films if they allow Marc to get into them. His Twenty-One Club is loaded with lovely lays, and Marc spends most of his time fitting the right girl onto his own private part. One of his personal pieces, a bisexual bitch named Dawn, decides to get more out of pulling Marc's prick than just a quick jerk, and what little suspense there is in this pleasingly pulsating proser comes when Dawn drags Debby along for the ride. Daddy, who is prone to lunge before he looks, winds up with his pride deflating inside his own daughter's willing puss. More excited than outraged, Marc gets off a couple of more times before he gets out and starts planning Debby's new career, as a member of his Club. The sexual action in this mildly meaty manuscript does have a twitching effect on the erotic nerve, and the final bit, in which Dawn gets her revenge (for


apparently ruining Debby) and also a part, should stick it to those readers who like to be prodded while they are pleased.

THE SILENT SIN

by John Woodbury, Ph.D., and Elroy Schwartz
Signet Books, New York
\$1.25

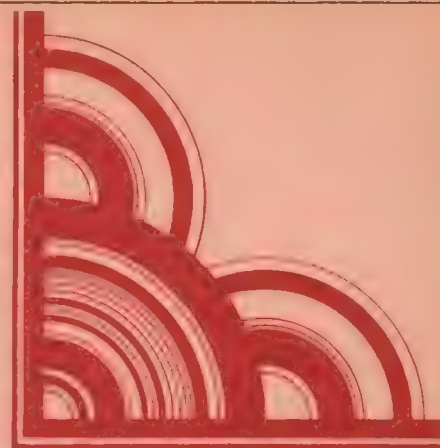
If you're looking for a meat massager, you've come to the wrong softcover slice of sexual semantics. But if you are even remotely interested in any of your offspring or assorted relatives, then perhaps you should read "The Silent Sin" before you dabble with your daughter or size-up your son.



This somewhat tepid text touches on a taboo which can produce offspring who are mental deficient, albinos, deaf-mutes, dwarfs and schizophrenics. Such extreme psychological disturbances as frigidity, nymphomania, homosexuality, alcoholism and homicidal tendencies have been noted in people whose past sexual encounters involved incestual overtones. Definitely unarousing, "The Silent Sin" states quite alarmingly that "one out of every twenty people in the United States has been involved in incest." The case history, about a girl named Barbara, whose father displayed more than paternal affection, reads with relative ease, although as mentioned at the start of this review, there is very little to get it up over. 



SEX BITS



LOS ANGELES (HNS)—What is the only 150-pound non-linear, extremely complex servomechanism that can be wholly reproduced by unskilled labor? The answer, says anthropologist Ashley Montagu, is man.

An authority on human behavior, Montagu says the world's population problem is so critical, and time so short, that sexual intercourse leading to conception and birth must be controlled by law.

Montagu is far from being against sex for pleasure and relieving stress. He is against the mindless kind that leads to "excessive reproduction"—not only by couples who are mentally handicapped, but also those who cannot provide adequately for their offspring.

Pointing out that every child born should be guaranteed a "minimum birthright"—love, adequate food, housing, education, etc.—Montagu holds that the robot-like production of millions of children every year is a greater crime than murder because they are condemned to a short, brutal life of hunger, disease, pain and misery.

Montagu adds that governments should issue "learner permits" before allowing a couple to marry, and that under no circumstances should any married couple be allowed to have a child until it has been licensed to do so.

CARBONDALE (HNS) — Sociologists have been permanent fixtures in American bedrooms for most of the past decade. Now two of them have found a new wrinkle to investigate: what goes on in men's toilets.

Edward Reid and Patricia Novak of Southern Illinois University recently spent nearly a month spying on men urinating in campus toilets.

The results of their research—already known to all men, particularly to homosexuals—is not likely to cause more than a yawn, except perhaps among women who might be curious for some strange reason.

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

Concluded the intrepid investigators: when there are extra urinals available, men will leave at least one unoccupied urinal between themselves and other pee'ers.

LONG ISLAND (HNS)—Researchers have demonstrated in carefully controlled laboratory experiments that the aura surrounding a person's body reacts to sexual attraction.

B. I. Murstein, professor of psychology at Connecticut College, and Serge E. Hadjalian of Long Island University, devised an aura-measuring scale from one to seven, then photographed the fingertip auras of several men and women in different sex-mixes and programmed situations.

The researchers found that the greater the sexual attraction between two people, the brighter and larger their fingertip auras.

"Having shown that the human aura is very much related to (sexual) attraction and liking, the most intriguing question that remains is 'What are the auras?'" the research team said.

The two suggested that Kirlian photography of body auras could be used to measure the depth and character of feelings between couples, including married couples having marital difficulties.

The scientists said the most intense sex-excited body aura they recorded was a

brilliant blue-white, with "spikes" at least one-eighth of an inch in length.

ATLANTA (HNS)—Career women need two "sex images" to be a success in both business and social life, according to D. R. Shaffer of the U. of Georgia and Carol Wegley of Kansas State University.

The two found that women with "masculine manners" were more successful in their career efforts, but less successful in their personal social/sexual relationships.

The only way a woman can be successful in both areas is to be able to wear her masculine face during the day and a feminine face at night, they said.

NEW YORK (HNS)—An obsession with the idea that a man has to be tough, aggressive, unemotional and basically violent, prevents men from living rational and far more enjoyable lives, says New York attorney Marc Fasteau, author of *The Male Machine*.

Commenting on sex-role playing, Fasteau says that *machismo* in American society is responsible for discrimination against women, for war and for violence in general.

"The attempt to live up to the male stereotype affects almost every area of men's lives," he said, adding, "Friendships between men are often made shallow and unrewarding by the constant undertone of competition and the need to put up a tough, impersonal front."

Fasteau blamed the efforts of American men to be invulnerable and avoid emotion for much of the "mechanical sex" and impotence in this country.

LOS ANGELES (HNS)—Women are more likely than men to believe that blondes have more and better sex, and men are more likely than women to equate long hair of any color (on women) with sexual attractiveness.

These are some of the sexual and reproductive stereotypes that surround the "pretty girl" in our society, says USC psychologist Merrill E. Sarty.

On the basis of over 2,000 questionnaires designed to separate the pretty girl from her stereotype, Sarty found the following:

By virtue of their attractiveness, pretty women are presumed to have sex more often than non-pretty women, and to enjoy it more—both sexual intercourse and masturbation.

It is also assumed that pretty girls will marry later (because they are so busy dating and having fun with different men), that they are more intelligent and more liberated than their homely counterparts, and will want smaller families.

Sarty concluded that some of the stereotypes are just wishful thinking on the part of younger men and women who see themselves as sexually attractive and would like more action in their lives.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—One of the greatest shocks a woman can be confronted with is to learn that she is a victim of testicular feminization—and is a man in a woman's body.

Neurologist and genetic counselor Richard Restok, author of the forthcoming book, *Premeditated Man*, says that testicular feminization is just one situation

where information provided by the new science of genetics can have an explosive, even fatal, effect on people.

The victim of testicular feminization is a woman in outward appearance, but is genetically male, with fully male chromosomes, Restok explained. In place of a uterus, such women have a rudimentary sexual organ similar to the gonads. They can have intercourse with a male but cannot menstruate.

Restok says the diagnosis of testicular feminization sets off an emotional powder keg, and there is no guarantee that either the victim's marriage or sanity can be saved.

He said such cases are more common than is generally known because most victims don't come to the attention of medical authorities. He added that when a case is found, the accepted practice is to surgically remove the miniature male sex

organs because they tend to be cancer-prone.

He also said that the condition tends to run in families, and that if one female member has it, any sisters she has may also be victims. Restok says this kind of new information can act like napalm on marriages and sexual identity.

CHICAGO (HNS)—Extramarital sex is on the increase in the U.S., and it is primarily women who are bringing about the jump, reports the Future Society of America.

Among the 20-25 age group of first marriages, there is more extramarital sex during the first couple of years of marriage than during an entire marriage lifetime for older individuals, the Society journal states.

The journal also says that young people are postponing marriage until later in life, having fewer children and having them later, and are insisting on more liberated relationships.

"It is the women who are making these demands, and those who are unable to quickly renegotiate the relationship into a more satisfactory pattern are walking out," the journal adds.

According to national statistics, one out of three marriages in the U.S. today ends in less than one year, and one out of two terminates within two years. **DN**

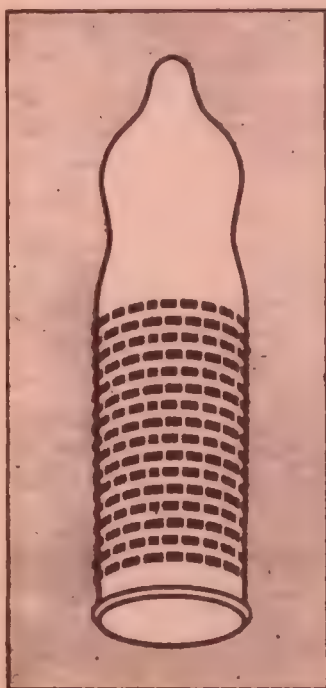
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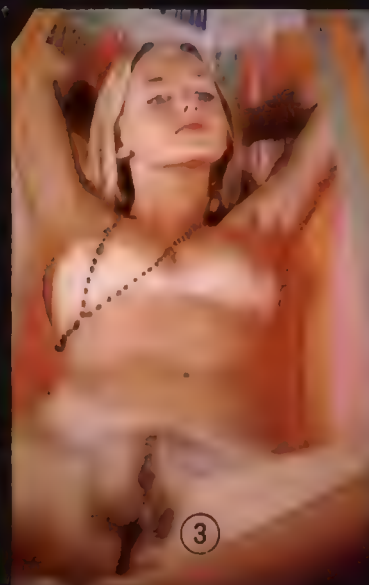
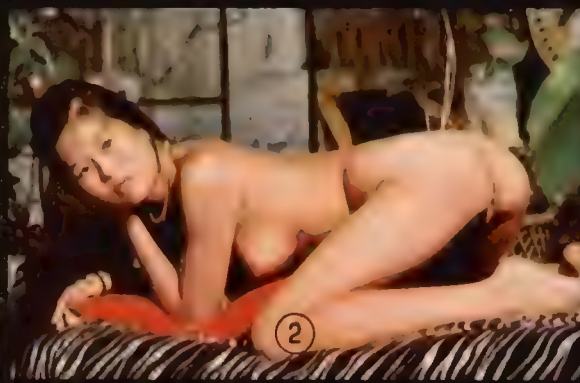
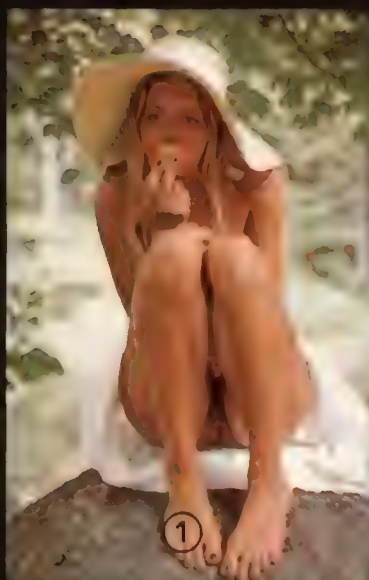
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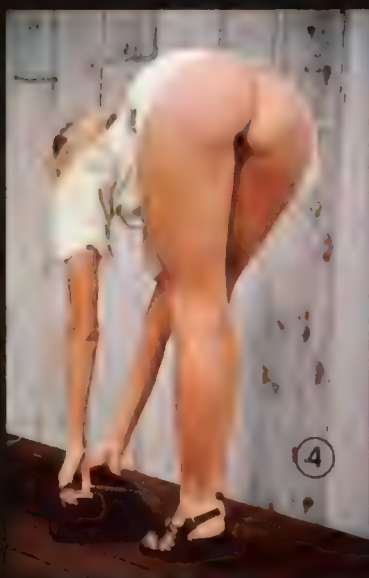
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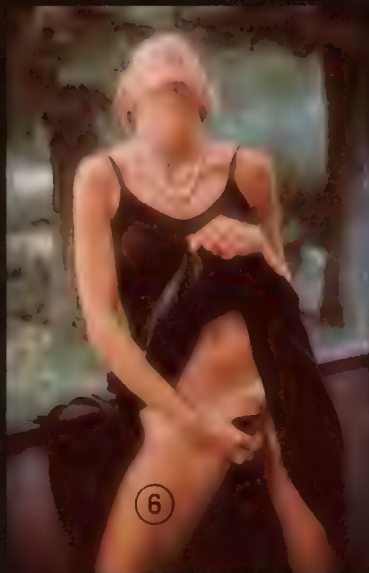
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City _____


State _____ Zip _____

A woman is lying on her back on a white towel outdoors. She is wearing a blue one-piece swimsuit and black high-heeled sandals with a textured sole. Her legs are spread apart, and her arms are raised above her head. The background shows a paved area and some foliage.

sondra

in heat

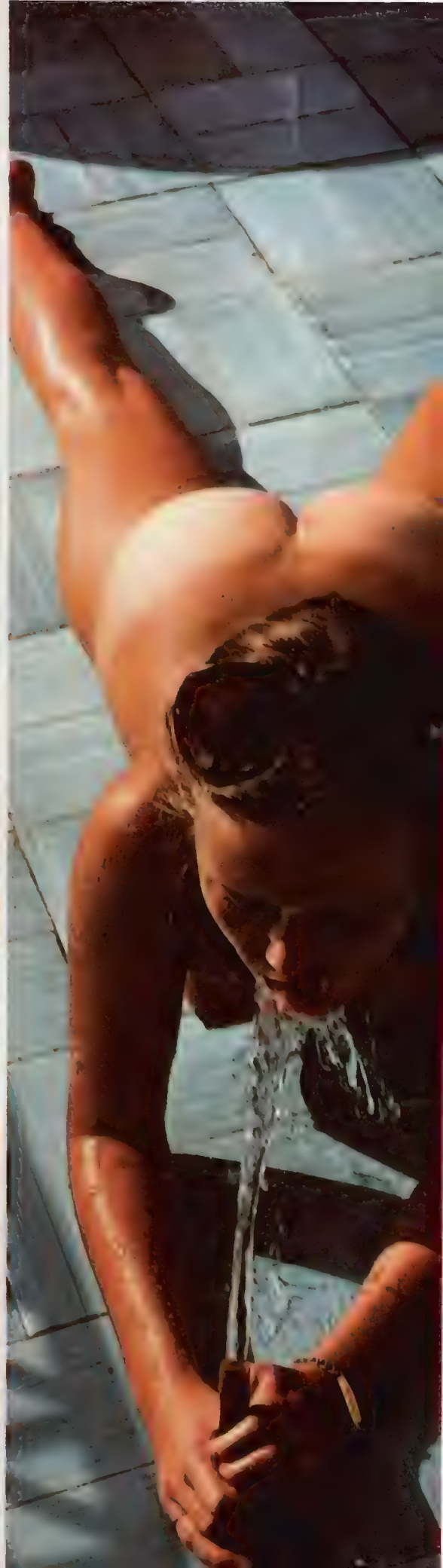


A large photograph of a woman with blonde hair lying on a white lounge chair with orange cushions. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her right arm is raised behind her head, and her left arm is bent across her chest. She is wearing a black watch on her left wrist. The background is a light blue wall with a decorative floral garland.

I love the heat of
the sun; I need it.
That's why I live
here in the Caribbean,
where it is rarely
cooler than 85
degrees, even at dusk.
To me, there is nothing
better than feeling
the hot, sultry rays
of the tropical sun
lapping at my cunt
and the soft insides
of my thighs, like
the soft probing
tongue of an ardent
lover... Well, there
is one thing better:
actually having my
man's head between
my legs while we lay
together in the blood-
hot morning sunshine.







"The relentless brushing of his tongue, coupled with his scorching palms gliding over my simmering belly and breasts, engulfs me in a feverish delirium of lust. Then I pull him up to me by his curly hair, clench my legs around his waist and meet his searing thrusts with my own. The flames of our passion mount on and on and on...until the fever breaks and release leaves me bathed in sweat, quivering and weak as a baby. I hungrily lick and suck the moisture from my lover's body, finally rolling over to let the radiant heat of the sun cover me once again."



ANIMAL SEX LOVERS

BY
FRANK THISTLE





Bestiality, the ultimate taboo, comes out into the open

"... You can't imagine how satisfying it is to fuck with a bear. I mean, a bear's tongue is unlike the tongue of any other animal I've ever been licked by. When that long, rough, hot tongue slurped over my entire pussy in one lick, I practically climaxed right there.

"I sat down on the edge of a barrel in that trailer and I spread my long brown legs as wide as I could. Then I felt Teddy nuzzling my pussy again with his long warm snout, his nose pressing right against my clitoris. As I patted Teddy on the head and stroked his big furry shoulders, he began to stand up on his hind legs. When he did, I saw the biggest penis I'd ever seen poking up from out of his crotch.

"Like most other animals, a bear's penis is pink. It's also big. I mean, *really* big. HUGE, in fact. I couldn't wait to get as much of it into me as my human vagina could hold. I figured that he couldn't lie on top of me because he'd be just too heavy. So I got down on the ground on all fours. I'd fuck animal-style for him. The scent coming from my pussy was still strong enough to keep Teddy interested. I was so lucky that my cousin had access to a tame bear.

"I crouched on the ground in doggie fashion and wriggled my bare ass for Teddy as I opened my legs wide. Teddy had good technique. He crouched over me and knew just how to get his penis in me. He thumped his big thick rod into my slot and started to stroke it immediately. His penis was just too big to get all the way in my poor pussy. But he hammered back and forth as he held it in me. My pussy was totally occupied by his huge organ. As he stroked back and forth on my vaginal walls, I came several times. Finally I felt his cock swell up in the final stages of pre-come stiffness. Then he stroked hard for a few thrusts and let loose.

continued on next page

"As I felt those big furry claws clutching my hips, I felt oodles and oodles of come squirting out of his penis and spattering all around the inner sanctums of my vagina. I rotated my pussy up and down on him, trying to get every squirt to burst out of his dick in full force. It made me proud that I didn't need men to give me orgasms. I was happy and thrilled that a bear could sexually excite and fulfill me. I was one soul sister that wouldn't have to take no jive from men."

The foregoing is an excerpt from "Black Animalism," by Winston Smith, and it describes a girl having sexual relations with a bear—evidently enjoying it. Americans have always been avid animal lovers, but today they are *literally* loving them, sexually speaking.

Some experts say it is a logical extension of the American sexual revolution. But whatever the reason, bestiality is certainly not a new practice. It began as soon as man domesticated animals. Before then, he couldn't really make love to them without risking death or serious mutilation.

Some 20 years ago, when Dr. Alfred Kinsey published his now-famous Kinsey Report, he estimated that 17 percent of all males in the U.S. had practiced bestiality at one time or another. Most animal lovers, he said, lived in rural areas. Of course, these practices have also found their way into the world's big cities.

In Tijuana, Mexico, for example, one of the regular features that most horny tourists want to see is the spectacle of a woman and a donkey indulging in sexual intercourse. On a platform raised off the floor, the woman lies on her back, her legs wide apart in eager anticipation. All around her, American tourists gape with the astonishment of real Peeping Toms. After a few moments of violent agitation, the donkey has his orgasm, the woman hers, and the show is over for the night.

In the Middle Eastern countries, bestiality is practiced with extraordinary frequency. Indeed, in North Africa they have a saying that the only virgin you will find in Arabia is a camel, because it can run faster than a man. In the Scandinavian countries, a visitor will find magazines on glossy paper in lurid color featuring scenes of men and women engaged in intercourse with dogs, cats, goats, and pigs. As a replacement for women, sheep are supposed to be infinitely better than any other animal. In fact, some bestialists even go so far as to prefer them to women!

Among women, a large dog is generally considered to be the best replacement for a man. Dogs have large penises—often as large as human penises, and dogs can be obtained quickly and easily, without arousing any suspicion.

Among women, a large dog is generally considered to be the best replacement for a man.

One gal who knows this for a fact is a 25 year old housewife named Jane. Her husband is a salesman and is out of town most of the time. Being highly sexed by nature, she at first resorted to masturbation when her husband was on the road. Then she discovered that a dog can be a woman's best friend.

"One day while my husband was out of town, I was in the living room reading when I looked up and nearly fell out of the chair laughing. There was Toby, his huge paws up on the coffee table, his rear-end thrusting at the end of the table like a machine. He was actually trying to screw the damned table! I laughed until tears came to my eyes, Toby looked so comical—and then I stopped laughing and started looking. From the sheath on his belly between his legs, I saw the pointed head of his shaft emerge. It grew and grew, until it looked as if eight inches of shaft had been unsheathed.

"I couldn't believe my eyes. I knew Toby had a large penis hidden in that sheath, because when washing him, I had curiously examined it, but I never imagined it was anything like the huge penis I was now seeing. Aroused at the sight of it, and also very curious, I went to the door, locked it, pulled the shades, and went back and sat in

THE PHILOSOPHER

The grieving for everyone and about everything has grown and become a grieving for myself, to myself. And it is still growing.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

the chair, facing Toby. Slowly I lifted my dress, reached down and pulled my panties off, sliding my ass to the edge of the chair.

"I then called to Toby who was still doing his best to hump the coffee table. He gave up this seemingly impossible task and walked over to where I was sitting. My legs spread apart, my love nest in full view, I reached down and pulled Toby's face into my slit. He pulled away at first, but as I kept drawing his mouth into my slit, he started smelling my opening. Then, as if I were some bitch in heat, he licked the length of my slit with his long rough tongue, and I nearly fainted.

"It was like an electric shock every time his tongue would take a swipe at my now moist opening, as he continued his exploring with his tongue. I had one orgasm after another. I could not get enough. I had never enjoyed anything like this in my life. Finally, after my fourth orgasm, I was so aroused I slid from the chair onto the floor. Toby stood above me, his massive shaft now at full erection. I reached up and gently took his tool in my hand and stroked it slowly but firmly. Fondling Toby's shaft and huge testicles, I massaged my still-aroused love-nest and soon I had another orgasm. I felt like I could pop all day.

"I got up, finished undressing, and getting down on my knees, I lowered the front part of my body down on my elbows, elevating my rear in such a way that even Toby would know what I wanted. Toby sniffed and licked at my anal opening until I thought I would go out of my mind. Then, awkwardly, he tried to mount me. Reaching back under me, I grabbed his shaft and pushed the pointed head into my opening a few inches. Toby caught on at once. With a thrust that nearly sent me flat on my stomach, he drove home that pointed penis. I began to experience the greatest feeling I'll ever know.

"I was filled with his huge shaft and I loved it. I never knew so many orgasms were possible. At my seventh orgasm, I thought they would be endless, and then it happened, something I had not thought of. Toby suddenly stopped his lurching and pumping, and I felt something swelling in his huge shaft as I wiggled my rear trying to get him to continue his motions. He didn't move, and his shaft suddenly sprung a huge knot in its center. Suddenly I remembered reading about how dogs get hung-up; the knot swells inside the bitch and the shaft cannot be moved until the swelling goes down.

"I became excited, then scared. I didn't want to get hung-up with Toby. I slowly started to wiggle out from Toby, praying his shaft would pull out as I did so, and it did, to my relief. I stood up, so exhausted I was

continued on page 98



"You're really hung, honey—but I get lonesome balling you!"



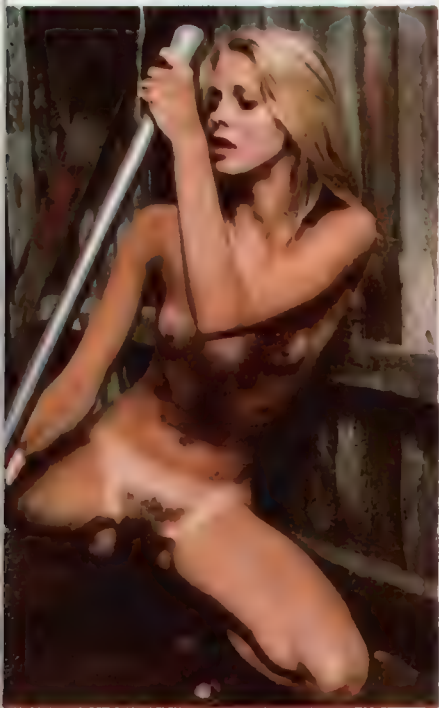


BRITT GARAGE GRL

"Women's Liberation is nothing new to me," says Britt, 20-year-old auto mechanic from London, England. "I grew up around a garage, and I'm proud to say that I've always held down a 'man-sized' job."

"Father owned a filling station when I was little, and whenever business was extra heavy, I was expected to pitch right in and lend a hand. I did my first tune-up when I was nine, and by the time I was thirteen, I could tear down, grind the valves and crankshaft, and reassemble our English Ford in less than five hours."

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Then, one night while I was alone, bending over the bonnet of my Triumph, I happened to rub up against the hard fender while the motor was racing. The throbbing vibrations made my pussy tingle. I pressed harder against the curve of the quivering fender, and began gently tugging at the throttle. The car pulsated and pounded beneath me, and suddenly I felt a sharp pain, and then the smooth rapturous delight of my very first climax. Since then, I've spent many nights getting good mileage out of the firm leather cushions of my warm little stick shift.

"Years later, after Father died, I inherited the garage, and I know I'll never regret it. Why, I wouldn't change lifestyles for all the oil in Saudi Arabia."



TRUMPH





HUSTLER INTERVIEW

THE ACE OF CLUB

TONY POWER

by LARRY FLYNT

In the past year, the only men's magazine, other than HUSTLER, that has demonstrated any significant success has been a British import named *Club*. The American edition of a successful British men's mag called *Men Only*, *Club* appeared on the American market in January of last year and—next to HUSTLER—it appears to be the only real threat to the *Playboy* and *Penthouse*

empires. Recognizing a spirit of aggressiveness and ambitiousness akin to that of HUSTLER, I watched *Club*'s fast start in America with interest and professional admiration. For that reason, I wanted to probe the editorial philosophy and opinions of *Club*, as

expressed by its editor, Tony Power.

I met Power on London's Trafalgar Square, the monument to Britain's historic naval victory, in which the outnumbered, underdog British fleet decisively defeated the previously invincible French forces of Emperor Napoleon. It seemed an appropriate setting for a conversation between two men whose respective publications are defiantly taking on the vaunted legions

of "Emperors" Hefner and Guccione.

Power's casual appearance, in a turtle-neck sweater and sport coat, with a week's growth of beard, belled his weighty responsibility for editing both *Men Only* in Britain and *Club* in the United States. Handsome, breezy and as self-assured as a movie actor, Power nonetheless proved to be a very articulate, outspoken man, who appears to be dedicated to the success of both of his publications. In the following candid exchange of views—on the present field of men's magazines, why some are successful and some not, and on the future of men's magazines—Power and I did not always agree, but we both were frank and honest. As competitors and rivals, neither of us pulled his punches in assessing the other's publication, and I think the result is a very illuminating, irreverent and knowledgeable look at the

HUSTLER



current men's magazine scene and the personalities that give each men's publication its distinctive character.

Some people on my editorial staff felt that HUSTLER's readers would have little, if any, interest in reading about a competitor's magazine. I disagree. I believe that if a man is interested in reading a quality men's magazine to the point that he will spend his hard-earned money on it, then he is a potential customer for any publication which promises to fulfill that interest. This interview was conducted especially for this type of reader—people who are into men's magazines and are keenly interested in getting their money's worth from them. We at HUSTLER thrive on competition and we invite comparison, by our readers, with any and all rival periodicals. We feel this is another step forward in keeping HUSTLER the un-

biased and honest magazine which it is and has been.

As a corollary to HUSTLER's willingness to compete, I also disagree with the current feeling—prevailing in some quarters of the magazine industry at large—that men's magazines in general are declining. While it is true that *Playboy's* sales have dropped dramatically and *Penthouse* has apparently peaked, I feel that this is mainly due to their own self-imposed restraint in presenting erotic material, both textually and pictorially. I think the phenomenal success of HUSTLER has conclusively proven that the reading public is ready and eager to support a publication which will boldly take a new, more realistically explicit direction in eroticism, unfettered by the nay-saying of advertiser-censors. Possibly *Club's* auspicious first year proves the same point. I say "possibly"

because whether (and how) *Club* proposes to take such a direction was one of the questions uppermost in my mind when I made a special trip to London to conduct this interview. It was as much for my own interest as it was for yours. I hope you enjoy reading the answers to these and other questions as much as I enjoyed asking them of Tony Power.

HUSTLER: Tell me, Tony, how many issues of *Club* have you published in America so far?

POWER: Thirteen. We started back in January, 1975.

HUSTLER: Unlucky thirteen, huh? How's it doing?

POWER: Very well, indeed—better than our critics or even I could have expected.

HUSTLER: Many American publishers had reservations that *Club* would not be successful, being European in tastes the

way it is. Apparently, you've proved them wrong. What are you giving the American readers that *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *HUSTLER* are not giving them?

POWER: Well, let's take *Playboy* first. We score because we're from the new generation of men's magazines; we're offering an adult publication that doesn't feel it has to over-justify its sexual content. *HUSTLER*, I hope you'll agree, has a similar outlook. The phrase I believe you guys use is "balls." Regretfully, I feel that *Playboy* has become something of a publishing eunuch sexually—but having said that, I must admit that it has qualities on a different level that surpass all of us competitors. The difference between *Penthouse* and *Club* is a little more difficult to define. *Penthouse*, forgetting its early issues, always had a professional—some would say "antiseptic"—appearance, that I often found a little daunting. Real hot stuff, but with enough Vaseline on the lens of the camera to say "sorry" to its readers. *National Lampoon* summed it all up very well with its take-off of *Penthouse* called *Pethouse*. They had a great shot of a mongrel tenderly sniffing a heap of dog shit—and the whole picture was shrouded in classic Guccione out-of-focus roses. Now *Club* might picture dog shit—at some time or another we'll certainly print shit, whether pictorially or in text—but ours will always be pinpoint sharp. I'll leave the out-of-focus poses to Bob or House & Garden. Now *HUSTLER*: there are aspects in our editorial approach which I feel are very similar, although the two magazines, side by side, don't look very much alike. But we're both offering raunch without apologizing for it.

HUSTLER: Do you think there is any resentment at all from the American consumer due to the fact that in some ways they might look at *Club* as being a foreign product?

POWER: I wouldn't think so. Aside from John Wayne, I don't think any sane American would resent getting a hard-on, either in his head or his groin, because the product that gave him the hard-on came from Europe. Up until recently, for instance, I believed that European photographers of nudes had a great deal more expertise, more sense of sexuality, for want of a better term, than the Americans. That's why when *Oui* came out I thought it would be a very successful magazine, combining as it did—or was supposed to—the best of Euro-



Every photographer I use will insist that Tony Power has an anal fixation because I'm always complaining that they don't come up with good enough ass shots.

pean photography from a superb French magazine called *Lui*, and *Playboy* inspired—and financed—writers. Subsequently, I think that *Oui* has become the most disappointing production of the decade. Apart from being slightly in love with myself I'm not a conceited person, but I must say this: if I had edited *Oui*, given its current resources, it would have had a circulation in excess of 2½ million.

HUSTLER: *Club* magazine is named *Men Only* in Europe. Why didn't you choose to use the same name in the States?

POWER: For two reasons. The appeal of the title *Men Only* existed in Europe because it had been around since 1936; it was a household name. When its present publisher—a guy by the name of Paul Raymond—bought the magazine in 1971, he felt that the familiarity of the title throughout Europe was a bonus, and at one stage we intended to call the magazine *Men Only* in the

States. But, as the title was not known in America, people might think it was some kind of gay magazine, and in the States there is some obscure magazine called *For Men Only*, which threatened to sue us at the first sign of an American launch. Anyway, I like the name *Club*.

HUSTLER: But pictorially, *Club* is basically the same magazine that *Men Only* is?

POWER: Pictorially, yes, except that in America it's certainly stronger, more sexually explicit—or more honest, if you like—because in the United Kingdom we have far greater censorship problems than we do in the States.

HUSTLER: What are the areas that are most touchy in terms of censorship in Europe?

POWER: Well, I'm only qualified to talk about laws and censorship in Britain. In Britain the law says that the publisher, the editor, the distributor and even the printer can be prosecuted under criminal law if a jury finds that they have produced a magazine that is likely to "deprave and corrupt" a member of the public. You can get yourself a prison sentence and certainly a hefty fine if you're found guilty of doing this. In the States, I understand it's a purely regional thing—the publisher is unlikely to suffer from any criminal action. Correct me if I'm wrong; I'm not that well versed in American law.

HUSTLER: No, the publisher is legally
continued on page 67



"NICE GOING, MR. SHARPSHOOTER!"





RENEE

GETTING READY

"The early hours of the evening are idle hours of leisure, to prepare my mind and body for a man.

"I relax by letting my mind slide into a surrealistic realm of delights and luscious wishes. I fantasize about the evening's events, until it grows into a feverish desire for the man I'll soon be with.

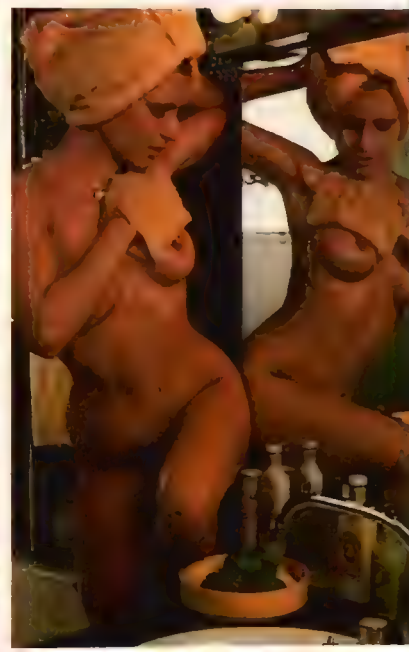
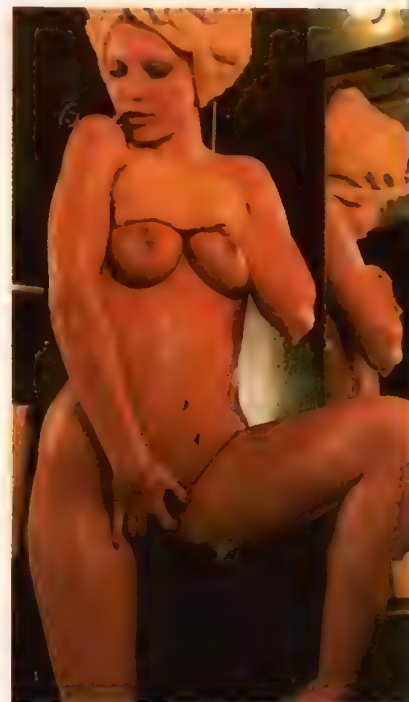
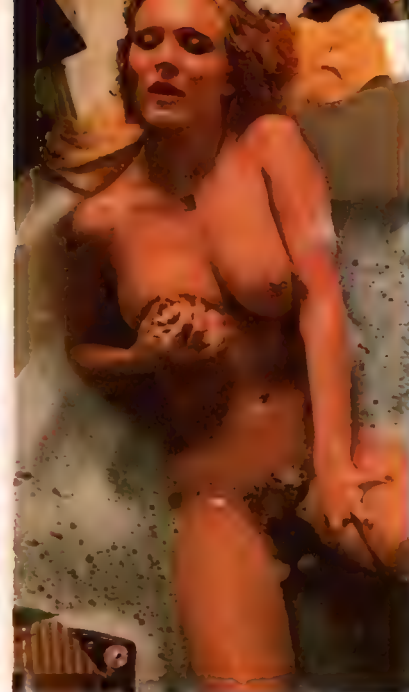
"He'll handle me as though no other woman exists, as if no other woman can be satisfied by his unique desire to fulfill. The thought of his sucking and stroking my cunt sends me into a frenzy, in which the hours stretch into an eternity. My body throbs to be satisfied in the manner my mind has been ravished.





“As I bathe, my hands become his, seeking, exploring and tantalizing until I no longer am aware of reality or illusion. The warmth of fluid swells in my body, pressing for release. The moment arrives in which illusion becomes sweet reality.”

“The hours of leisure have passed with invigorating pleasure. The evening will come with complete satisfaction.”



HUSTLER'S HONEY FEBRUARY 2010







RUE
DES
FRANCS BOURG





Howard and Zeke were old golf buddies, playing several times a week, and try as he might, Zeke just never won. Finally Zeke moved away and they didn't see each other for years. When Zeke came back for a visit, he asked, "What are you doing now, Howard?" Howard said, "I'm a Kotex salesman." "You're still one hole ahead of me, Howard," Zeke sighed. "I sell toilet paper."

HUSTLER's 1976 Tax Tip: The only thing you do not have to pay income tax on this year is your prick. This is due to the fact that 75% of the time it is hanging around unemployed. 5% of the time it is pissed off. 10% of the time it is hard up, and the other 10% it winds up in the hole. On top of it all, it has 2 dependents that are nuts.

HUSTLER's definition of an unpleasant surprise: a fart with a lump in it.

A young man sunbathing nude on a secluded beach fell asleep and was discovered by some children. After considerable deliberation, they decided to bury him in the sand, leaving just his cock sticking up thru the sand.

Two old maids came walking by, one carrying a cane. She poked at the cock sticking out of the sand and said to the second old maid, disgustedly, "There sure weren't many of these around when I was young. And now they're growing wild on the beach."

A woman recently swallowed a new super-stainless razor blade. Her doctor was amazed to find a short time later that besides giving herself a tonsillectomy, appendectomy, and a hysterectomy, she had castrated her husband, circumcised her lover, taken two fingers off a casual friend, and given the minister a harelip. And she still has five shaves left. That's a real blade.

An army helicopter was shot down over the Sahara desert. The pilots, Jim and Bill, were the only survivors. As they were trekking through the desert, Jim spotted a cat. He drew his pistol and shot it. Three days had passed since they had had anything to eat, so Jim started devouring the cat. He turned to Bill and asked if he wanted some. Bill said no and with that Jim went back to eating the cat again. After eating the cat, bones and all, he started to vomit. Bill immediately got on his knees and said, "That's what I've been waiting for—a nice warm meal!"

Clem and Vern were riding in their Model-A pickup when Vern smelled something funny, so he says to Clem, "Clem, did you crap in your pants?"

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

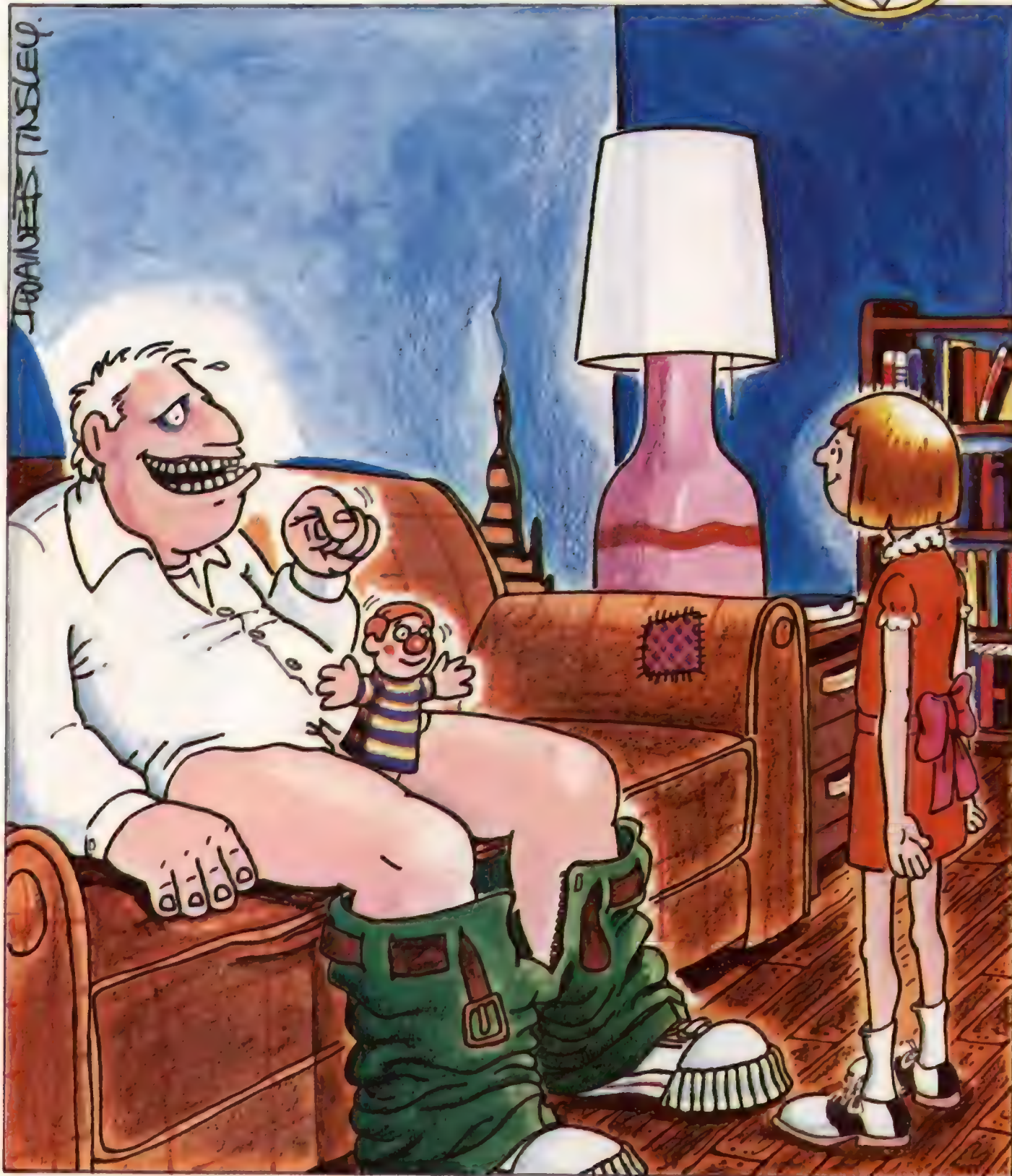
Clem replies, "Nope." So after about 10 more miles the smell gets worse so Vern asks Clem again, did you crap in your pants? So Clem says nope. After about 20 more miles Vern jams on the brakes, runs around the truck, opens the door and tells Clem to get out and pull down his pants. Clem obliges and Vern sees a whole load of shit in Clem's pants and says, "I thought you said you didn't crap in your pants!!!" Clem calmly replies, "Hell, I thought you meant *today*."

Years ago, when trains didn't have restrooms, a man stuck his ass out of a train window. He shit mighty good, while the train sped by two hoboos near the track. Both of them gaped in amazement, and one said, "Boy! Wonder what kind of tobacco that fella wuz chewin'?" The other one, still staring in the direction of the train, said:

"Tobacco, hell yes. But did you see them jaws?"

Notice: The jokes in HUSTLER Humor are not necessarily new jokes, but *funny* jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke which you feel is exceptionally funny, but which nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if we throw up on it, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"C'mon, Sugar, give widdle Rodney a KISS-KISS!"

LARRY FLYNT'S

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THE UNDERWEAR REVIVAL

by Johnny Angel

I grew up in the Midwest in the erotic 1940s during a period in American history when everyone was moving around and talking about Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the War Effort and I read a lot of *Superman* and *Captain Marvel* and *Captain America* comics and played a lot of pinball machines and pool and had my first sexual experience in the back seat of a 1941 Chevrolet with fender skirts and mud flaps.

It was a tough-minded factory culture where the men talked about pussy (nookie, it was often called, and sometimes poontang) and nobody thought the women gave any thought to those parts of their bodies below the starched collars of their white secretarial blouses. It was pornographic playing-cards in the john of the town's coffin-shaped pool hall and elevator gossip in the town's largest hotel and tight-sweatered



“In 1950, I never heard any girl admit she wasn't a virgin. In 1968, it was rare to hear a girl admit she was a virgin...”

cheerleaders at the Saturday football games that everybody whistled at but nobody ever fucked.

It was a time when unlocking a girl's brassiere was a supreme erotic experience that led to more than one spontaneous ejaculation, when the flash of a girl's panties on a staircase at the high school furnished material for a week's worth of masturbation fantasies. We lived in a world where our mothers not only didn't admit the existence of our (or their own) genitals, but they didn't admit the existence of those garments which enclosed the genitalia either. Women wore "unmentionables" as late as the forties; no doubt they still do in some rural American towns.

One of the funniest things I can remember from that period happened in my backyard one afternoon. A big girl lived across the alley from me and she liked to tease me and the other boys who lived on our block. When she did, we'd chase her, seldom giving it quite enough effort, because we didn't really want to catch her. On that particular sunny afternoon in the days before smog, I chased Dede up one of the elm trees that framed our yard. When I was right below her, she hit a spot where the branches stopped her from climbing any higher, and I reached up, caught the elastic top of her white panties, and pulled them down so that everybody in the yard could see her bare little butt.

My dear mother chose that particular moment to come to the back door of the house for her infrequent check-up and there I was maintaining my balance about fifteen feet above the ground with Dede yelling and screaming like hell a fraction of an inch above me. When I saw her—I was about seven years old—I knew that anything I said to try to explain what was happening in that elm tree would be futile.

I don't remember what I said in defense of my de-pantsing Dede—who later got a lot of mileage out of telling everybody at the elementary school about what a terrible creep I was—but I was shamed and punished in the usual manner. I was never to do anything like that again and I was supposed to be ashamed of myself. Just what I was supposed to be ashamed of was

not immediately clear to my seven-year-old thinking process, but I knew it was closely related to girl's panties and those delightfully secret and mysterious areas they kept from the curious eyes of evil young boys like myself.

My experience was not unique. The same morality I was learning was taking place in a lot of the two-story frame houses in the suburb where I lived. Mothers were diligently watching their wayward sons, creeping up outside their bedroom doors to listen for any unusual sounds. This is one of the main reasons why men are often silent during intercourse. It's not that they do not want to groan and moan like women, but that they have learned during puberty that those groans will let Mom know what is happening behind the bedroom door and bring about one of those shaming scenes.

It is quite possible that some of the girls I grew up with were masturbating away during their teen years, but if they were, they weren't telling anybody about it. The sexes were completely segregated in my community. There was a boys' locker room and a girls' locker room and everything else was divided accordingly. Even when we bought tickets to an out-of-town game, the girls had to sit on one side of the chartered bus, the boys on the other.

Which led to strange feelings. Before puberty, we all agreed that keeping the girls in a separate place was a good idea, because they were delicate little things and we were tough like the Bowery Boys or Jack Kirby's Newsboy Legion or Hop Harrigan who was on the radio every afternoon about supertime. After puberty, we weren't so sure. The guys who started falling away from the neighborhood gang and walking around with girls were put down and they often had to fight to prove that it was possible to remain masculine and still hang around with girls. The movie that came out a

few years ago, *Summer of '42*, was accurate as hell, because that's the way we were. There were very few sources of information about sex or anything else and whenever you tried to find out you had to be careful because the grown-ups were always watching you and searching your room when you were at school. For some parents it was kind of a crusade to keep their kids ignorant of sex.

The morality was especially weird for girls. The nice girls went to church with you and held your hand and did their hair and always looked like they just got out of a Sears and Roebuck Catalog. Everybody knew who they were and a lot of guys were committed to making sure they stayed that way, clean and virginal. The bad girls seldom went to church, swore a lot, smoked, drank beer, rarely did their hair, wore jeans sometimes, and fucked as soon as they could find a boy and a secluded place to do it. In school, the guys wanted to be seen with a nice girl and sometimes they went steady and hung around the cafeteria and went to the ballgames together. But on Friday and Saturday nights, every guy who had any wheels was out looking for the bad girls. You took a nice girl to the movies and to a soda fountain. You took a bad girl out just far enough into the country where the local police weren't likely to come by and shine a flashlight in the window. Parked on a quiet road, you drank beer, smoked (Cigarettes were as taboo as grass is today. At fourteen, we used to hide in a friend's treehouse and smoke Camels because they were the strongest and gave you a slight buzz when you inhaled a deep drag.), and fucked. The whole thing was rarely a satisfying experience. It was better in the summer when you could lay out on a blanket or a sleeping bag, but even then there was always the threat of some farmer coming along on a road you hadn't even noticed.

The attitude toward sex was simple. A girl "got fucked." A guy "got laid" or he "got a piece of ass" or he "knocked off a little." Any admission of sexual ignorance or virginity within the neighborhood gang led to scorn and ridicule. A lot of guys who had never been close enough to any of the girls around school to even kiss them were pretending to be big studs. A friend of mine used to tell us some fantastic stories about his conquests. Whenever we passed a woman on the street, he'd say, "I've had her."

A woman's looks had everything to do with the cultural mystique. Magazine-type girls were status. Homely girls were alright if they could manifest a lot of friendliness and what was called "personality." Ugly girls were lost. Fat and thin girls were lost.

THE PHILOSOPHER

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All of the contests and the national advertising and the culture in general focused upon one standard look. In the movies a girl's morality was spelled out for everyone. The blondes were the good girls, homebodies like Doris Day in *Young at Heart*, while the brunettes were always fallen women, scheming wenches out to do in the hapless hero. Blondie always won in the end. It was in 1927 that Philip Wylie indicted America for a bad case of psychoneurotic "momism" and his thesis was carried out in comic strip form in 1931 when Chic Young created Blondie Boopadoup and Dagwood Bumstead. During the thirties we watched movies and read stories and Sunday strips that told us that Mother knew best. Dagwood always loses out to Blondie. In those black and white movies the men were dark and the women fair. Mary Pickford and those heroines who followed in her footsteps were all light-haired women. Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo carried on the tradition.

As I grew my way through high school, the good girls were the club girls. They went to church, joined the pep club, became cheerleaders, worked on the school paper, sang in glee clubs, went steady with athletes, and married shortly after leaving school. They all looked alike and thought alike. So did the athletes they married. The homelies were content to serve. They joined, too, but they always deferred to the magazine-girls. The uglies were reclusive. They were the victims, condemned from birth in a culture which appreciated only surfaces. They kept to themselves partly because they were never invited anywhere, partly because they could not stand the way others often patronized them.

Thinking back on those years, I can see that the truth was the exact opposite of the morality we were forced to accept. The bad girls were the good girls. The good girls were not really allowed to be human at all. They were trained to be housewives and secretaries and they had to look pretty all the time when they would have liked to throw out all that social necessity and follow their true biological feelings. The good girls were always frustrated. The guys who took them to movies and dances often returned them home early so they would have time to scout around and find another girl who would fuck. The good girls, of course, could not go out and find themselves a man. It's likely they masturbated and hated a lot. The bad girls, like the hoods, paid little attention to what the community thought of them. They drank and smoked and fucked and lived their youth while all the good people were putting off their satisfaction until later on in life. In the long run, some of the hoods died young and some died in prison and

some of the bad girls reformed and went to live with the good girls in the suburbs and there were divorces on both sides of the moral line.

One thing I remember is a lot of individual violence, a lot of fist fights and spontaneous destruction. Lately, I've seen a lot of people turn away from comments that in my high school days would have meant a bloody fight with no holds barred.

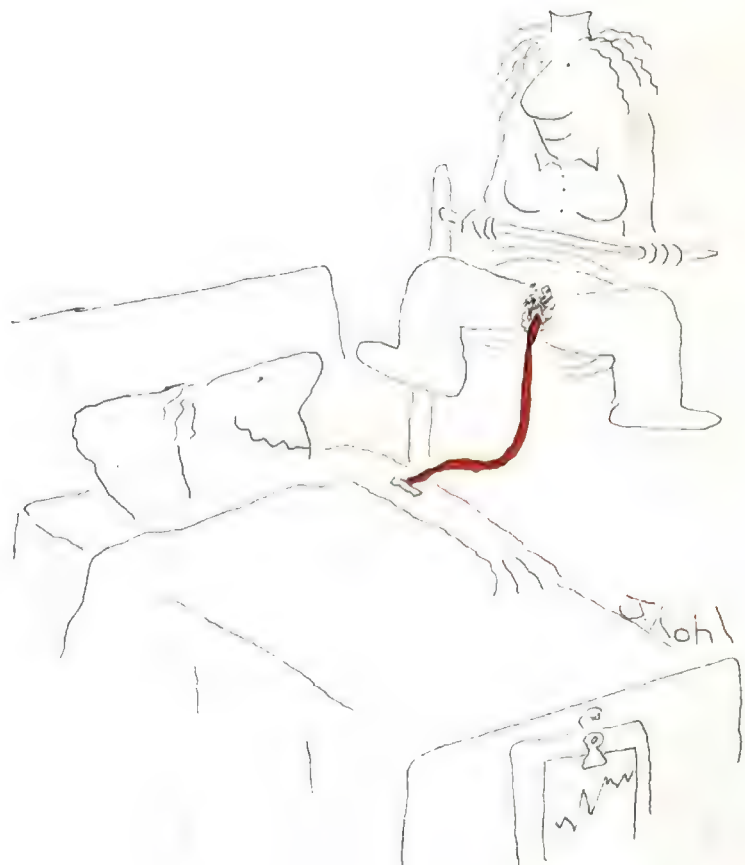
I watched what happened on the surface in the sixties. Young women stopped wearing underwear, and it was common to see them dancing naked in the parks on the weekends when bands like Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead played free concerts. For a long time, that was what liberation meant when it was applied to women. No bras. No makeup. No sprayed hair. Everything natural. To the old, it was shocking. The middle-aged thought it was indecent and immoral, but interesting. The young watched the more outgoing set the pace and eventually joined the revolution in fashion if not in politics. Communal living was in. Collectives were fashionable. Virginity was out. In 1950, when I was 16, I never heard any girl admit she wasn't a virgin. In 1968, it was rare to hear a girl admit she was a virgin, and if she did, there was a trace of apology in her voice; it was like

saying you didn't smoke grass or drop acid. Fucking was natural and good and if you didn't do it often, there was something uptight and basically wrong with you.

In the cities, the psychedelic period passed into the apathetic seventies. The colors went quickly, and walking down a Berkeley Street in 1974 one saw denims and jeans on 90% of the young college students, men and women. Those who were keeping up with trends had studs or sequins or rhinestones on their jeans or Levi jackets, but it was denim everywhere no matter what the embellishment. For awhile, women wore short hair and no makeup, while a lot of men were setting their long hair and using a lot of makeup. In the early seventies, it was almost a fad to be bisexual or gay. Women's Liberation hit the University of California campus at Berkeley in 1968; Gay Liberation appeared later the same year. Both maintained information tables in Sproul Plaza and published tabloid papers twice a month. Both held fund-raising dances and sponsored consciousness-raising groups.

Visually, it was very bland, certainly not erotic to one conditioned by the images of the forties, but there were those who did not equate liberation with a drab denim image.

continued on page 83



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TONY POWER

continued from page 46

responsible in America, too, but basically what I was asking was the difference in legally acceptable material. In America, for instance, erections and penetrations are taboo. What editorial taboos do you have in Britain?

POWER: They fluctuate, Larry—that's our problem. We've had three governments in the last few years and censorship changes with the government in power. But, in general, anything to do with child molestation, bestiality, incest or necrophilia would land you in prison. Penetration is out, too. No way can you show erections in Britain, either, even in female magazines like *Playgirl* and *Viva*.

HUSTLER: Speaking of females, what's that girl's name that writes about her sexual adventures for *Club*?

POWER: You mean Fiona Richmond?

HUSTLER: Yes, Fiona Richmond. Do you think...

POWER: Larry, you're going to tell me you don't believe it?

HUSTLER: Well, I wasn't going to bring this up, but we both know that Fiona Richmond is Paul Raymond's girl friend, and she's with him all the time. That means she doesn't have the time to experience all the outlandish sex adventures she writes about. Besides, do you think your American consumers are really interested in her sexual escapades in Europe, Hong Kong and Canada and so on?

POWER: Yes, I do think America is interested. Americans travel, you know...

HUSTLER: How has the response been from your readers to her columns?

POWER: Pretty good, pretty good. When we first started her articles in England, Fiona Richmond became a household name more-or-less overnight. I have more bloody trouble with her copy than any other writer's. I can get a short story from someone like Henry Miller or Norman Mailer and change or edit the odd phrase and there's no hassle; but Fiona will not have one word of her reports altered or tampered with. She'll say, "This is what I've written up, so no one has the right to alter it."

HUSTLER: In other words, you have to

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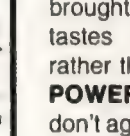
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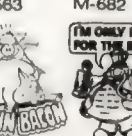
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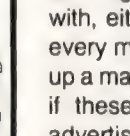
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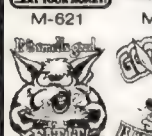
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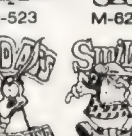
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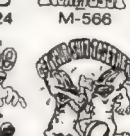
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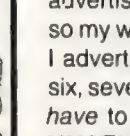
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accept the scribbles of your boss's girl friend, in the interest of establishing the credibility of her probably fictitious adventures? You have my sympathy. That's why I enjoy owning my magazine—so that I can write and edit what I please. Now, in America we are caught up in a sexual revolution, so to speak. Is the same thing happening in England? Do you find that sexual values and attitudes are changing?

POWER: Sexual attitudes certainly underwent great changes during the sixties in England—but at the moment the country is going through a period of depressing sexual repression.

HUSTLER: One of the things I find as a publisher that I have to be cautious about is not becoming complacent. Do you see yourself staying on top of these changing sexual attitudes?

POWER: It's very easy to become complacent and there's a history of it in our type of publishing. I think Hefner had become complacent—and along came Guccione. In England, Guccione was sitting on top of the pile with *Penthouse*—and *Men Only* came on the scene. He was complacent in letting us take over the top spot. Success tends to breed complacency. But competitors like you, Larry, will I hope prevent me from ever becoming complacent.

HUSTLER: Well, that gets to my next question. Should the American market ever be right for an even stronger display of sex, will *Club* cater to its readers? You will agree that a large part of the complacency which you see in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* was brought about by their responding to the tastes and desires of their advertisers rather than those of their readers?

POWER: Absolutely—and it's a policy I don't agree with and I know you don't agree with, either. I feel that one should employ every method one feels necessary to build up a magazine's circulation and eventually, if these gentlemen are worth their salt, advertisers will have to think: "Well, Christ, so my wife doesn't like the magazine—but if I advertise in it, my product is going to get six, seven, maybe eight million readers, so I have to take it seriously."

HUSTLER: My feeling is that in America there's a great deal more emphasis placed on sexual fetishes than in England. Does *Club* intend to get involved in doing fantasy pictorials?

POWER: Well, we have, several times—in

text and in pictures.

HUSTLER: One of the most common sexual diversions in America is voyeurism. Is this a big thing in England?

POWER: Yes. To a certain degree, everyone in life is a voyeur. But I wouldn't think it was a big fetish in Britain. I would say that rubber and leather fetishism are the most prevalent perversions here in the United Kingdom—whereas in the U.S. I'm fascinated by everyone's thing about enemas. In America, enemas seem to be everybody's bag.

HUSTLER: I think you have to be careful in the States that you don't go to extremes in some of these areas. Often a publisher is trying to force his own sexual tastes onto his readers and he builds them up to be something that there's really not that much of a demand for.

POWER: Yes, next to complacency, which we discussed earlier, pandering to one's own sexual tastes is the biggest danger in cocking up a circulation.

HUSTLER: Guccione said in an interview that he felt *Penthouse* was an extension of his own attitudes. Do you feel the same about *Men Only* and *Club*?

POWER: I think that any men's magazine that is going to be successful over a long period must have a strong individual behind it; whether he is going to follow his own instincts and tastes or whether he is going to manufacture a persona or attitude tailor-made for the job is something else. Let's take *Playboy*: initially, Hugh Hefner was *Playboy*; yet somewhere along the line, I sense he's been sidetracked into other areas—like his hotels and casinos—and he's lost interest in the magazine. We're at a point now, I think, where Hefner's magazine has started to suffer because of this relaxing of commitment on his part. Bob Guccione, on the other hand, lives, eats and sleeps *Penthouse*. He might dream about *Viva*, or what *Viva* might have been, but *Penthouse* is his life. He is *Penthouse*—and as long as he retains that kind of commitment, then it's a magazine that's always going to have to be reckoned with.

HUSTLER: But why was *Penthouse* so successful? When Guccione came out with *Penthouse*, it appeared to be a complete rip-off, yet he has enjoyed enormous success, where none of the earlier *Playboy* imitators had. Why?

POWER: In publishing, or in fact in any business enterprise, I find rip-offs quite excusable—so long as they are good rip-offs. If you're talking about rip-offs of *Playboy*, then surely *Gallery* is the worst offender— it even copied *Playboy's* logo style and layout—but it was such a piss-poor rip-off it didn't succeed. I'll agree that

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Penthouse was something of a rip-off of *Playboy* when it first started, but bit by bit, Guccione has put his own style into his book—and now I don't feel the two magazines are at all alike.

HUSTLER: You talk about Guccione's style? I don't feel he knows the meaning of the word originality. I understand he stands by the tickertape that goes around the Chemical building in Times Square shouting, "Too fast, too fast."

POWER: But what about his style of photography? Okay, you'll say it's *passe* now, that it was another rip-off—from possibly David Hamilton—but it worked here in Britain and it's certainly proved successful in the States.

HUSTLER: Even though Guccione won't admit it at this time, I am sure your people in the States will agree with me that while *Playboy* sales are falling off, *Penthouse* has peaked.

POWER: But don't forget competition now is fiercer than it has ever been. Suddenly everyone thinks he can produce the best, raunchiest, highest-selling magazine in the world, and they're all picking off the odd hundred-thousand or so sales, which is bound to affect the circulation of the major titles.

HUSTLER: If *Club* and *HUSTLER* continue to grow, how do you feel this will affect *Playboy* and *Penthouse*?

POWER: Well, obviously, their sales will be affected, and in attitude already, *Penthouse* is resorting to the odd "split beaver" shot—or "pinks" as you put it—even if they are in soft focus. Sooner or later someone in *Playboy* is going to shout "Eureka" and do the same thing.

HUSTLER: Yes, but that's always been the way with Hefner. He seems to respond too late. I believe in competition and I thrive on it. Without competition, I wouldn't enjoy my job. There are ten magazines on sale in America that could be considered competitive in the men's field. How many do you have in England?

POWER: Twenty, maybe twenty-five.

HUSTLER: So you don't see the American market as being saturated?

POWER: I think *en masse*, the top, or elite, end of the market is pretty crowded in America, whereas in England only four titles—*Mayfair*, *Penthouse*, and my two, *Men Only* and *Club International*, have any serious impact.

HUSTLER: Success not only breeds complacency, it breeds competition as well. Where does it all end?

POWER: It all ends with four, five, maybe six survivors fighting the guts out of each other, with a lot of also-rans getting nowhere fast. It's heading that way now.

HUSTLER: It looks as if paper prices will be

increasing again shortly. Will *Club's* price be staying at \$1.50?

POWER: We'll stay at \$1.50 for as long as we can, but I think at some stage people have to realize that they are going to pay a realistic price for a quality magazine. I think that in two years or so, every quality men's magazine is going to cost \$2.50 or \$3.00.

HUSTLER: You still haven't convinced me that you are giving the American reader anything more than he can find in the pages of *HUSTLER*, *Playboy* or *Penthouse*.

POWER: I think to a certain extent we are offering the raunchiness of *HUSTLER*, but possibly some of our editorial matter is a little more serious without, hopefully, being as pretentious as the material in *Playboy* or *Penthouse*.

HUSTLER: We find that our readers are just as interested in reading about sex as seeing it. To define that a little more clearly, *Playboy* once ran an interview with William Simon, who was the energy czar in our country, and in the same month *HUSTLER* had an interview with Chuck Traynor, who is Linda Lovelace's ex-husband, the guy who supposedly taught her the "deep throat" technique. In other words, I feel that if the readers want to know about a government official, they can pick up the *Wall Street Journal* or one of the business publications.

POWER: For *HUSTLER*, I think you're entirely right. In *Club*, I tend to run interviews with well-known celebrities—like Mae West or Telly Savalas or Evel Knievel, as we have done—yet ask them the kind of question no conventional magazine would dare.

HUSTLER: The readers in America are notorious for putting their demands to publishers and editors. Do you intend to respond to their requests?

POWER: Absolutely. Without these guys—and ladies—we're dead. If I get just one single letter on a subject that has never occurred to me or a member of my editorial team, then we'll discuss it at length, and if the idea is on and we can do it—I mean, do it well—then it will be in a forthcoming issue.

HUSTLER: You have an awful lot of pretty girls from cover to cover in *Club* but there doesn't seem to be this catering to the fantasies of the American reader you speak of. What can they expect to see in coming issues, in terms of satisfying their fantasies?

POWER: Well, this year we had a pictorial sequence of a leather-clad lady with five guys trussed up in the desert and two

snarling dobermans. Surely, we are catering to two or three fetishes there, especially doberman fanciers.

HUSTLER: How about amputees and water sports?

POWER: Maybe I'm strange, Larry, but there's something about amputation that turns me off and this is one time when I am saying "yes," my own personal tastes are interfering with the magazine's content. I would guess—and I might be wrong—that amputation is a minimum-interest sport.

HUSTLER: At one point you say you respond to the readers in terms of discussing letters to the editor with the rest of your staff and now you say that you let your own personal tastes interfere. So your own sexual attitudes do have an effect on editorial practice?

POWER: Yes, I suppose they must, even if it is subconscious motivation. I mean, every photographer I use will insist that Tony Power has an anal fixation, because I'm always complaining that they don't come up with good enough ass shots.

HUSTLER: Are you into anal sex?

POWER: I suppose so, just like the other ninety-five percent of the world's population.

HUSTLER: But you're not Greek.

POWER: It takes a few ouzos.

HUSTLER: Now I know that Hefner is a tit man and Guccione is a crotch man and you're an ass man...

POWER: Let me add, Larry, that I'm very fond of pussy.

HUSTLER: Do you have any other sexual fetishes or turn-ons?

POWER: I have recently reverted to appreciating straight screwing—don't think I know one hetero guy that doesn't...

HUSTLER: Your own sexual attitudes are quite pedestrian otherwise?

POWER: If you say so.

HUSTLER: Tony, you don't come across like a Hefner or a Guccione, either in looks or life style. Why's that?

POWER: I'm younger than they are.

HUSTLER: You seem like quite an average guy.

POWER: So did George Washington.


HUSTLER: You know, I get accused of fucking all the girls in the magazine. Of course, everyone feels that Hefner fucks all his models and Guccione fucks all of his. Now, are you going to lie or tell me the truth?

POWER: I will tell you the truth. I have not fucked all the girls that have ever been in my magazine. Just wish I could.

HUSTLER: Is it true that you have been fucking Barbi Benton?

POWER: Barbi who...?

HUSTLER: Benton, Hefner's girl friend.

POWER: Unfortunately not. By the way, I'm not screwing Kathy Keeton, either. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

He who tells the truth says almost nothing.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

FEEDBACK

continued from page 8

body just as much as the next man. But, when you ridicule, degrade, and blaspheme against religion, God, and Jesus Christ such as you did in "Honey Hooker" in your October issue, you make me and thousands of ex-fans like me ashamed of ever having been a fan in the first place.

In your blind goal to become the filthiest magazine on the market, you have surpassed the boundary between sex and decency and have allowed the dollar signs in your eyes to turn HUSTLER into the lowest form of reading on the market today.

I personally feel that with your October issue you have invited your own decline and downfall.

Bobby T.
Denver, Colo.

P.S. Do you have the nerve to print this in your Feedback section?

We weren't ridiculing God, religion, or Jesus Christ; we were ridiculing sanctimonious hypocrites (like "Reverend Thornton Gaye Hell") who curse and repress sexual pleasure in God's name, while secretly desiring it. You wouldn't be one of those, Bobby, would you?

UNCUT VERSION

I just became a subscriber to your magazine about three months ago and your pictures and stories are great. Your magazine is truly the tops. Since I am new and I have a "minor" complaint, please publish my letter. All the pics you show of guy's pricks are of circumcized ones. I hope you people aren't being prejudiced against guys like myself who are *not* circumcized. I personally don't feel it's any difference and I've yet to be told so, and I'd like to think I get laid or blown as often as the next guy. So I would appreciate it if you would show a guy who has extra meat in front, and let the ladies look at it for a while and see if it interests them or not. Again, thanks for the magazine and tell the ladies we should all be proud to show "all" that the Gentleman from upstairs gave us—cut or uncut.

Pete from Boston, Mass.
Definitely a Regular Subscriber

Obviously you missed our June, 1975, feature on "Johnny Wadd" Holmes, with his uncut version of penile primacy. He sure as hell was arousing his lady's interest. Back issues can be ordered on page 66.

I just loved the articles on "Johnny Wadd" Holmes and "Another Tripod," in November Bits & Pieces, plus "King Dong." Let's see lots more lovely cocks in future issues. Is Johnny Holmes really Eddie from "Leave it to Beaver?" We have a bet going and had heard he is. Keep up the good work.

Bev Andess

Holmes swears he never played Eddie Haskell in the '50s TV series. But if he had, that might explain that secret smile Beaver's mother always had.

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JOE —er—ah— JOSEPHINE

CAUTION: If you are offended by sexual abnormality, skip the next five pages. Credibility and honesty are the two primary policies that HUSTLER is most proud of. We do not employ the use of trick photography—what you see is real. Joe is presently living in London, England; however, he has recently had his breasts surgically removed, apparently preferring to be a man rather than a woman.







Josephine is the type of person who always has trouble making decisions, but there's one topic that's especially a problem—SEX. "Have you ever had one of those days when you just didn't know whether you were coming or going? Every day is like that for me!"





"I've always been very versatile; for instance, a lot of people think it's strange that one minute I'll be playing football and an hour later I'm home knitting myself a sweater. But I like to think that I enjoy the best of both worlds. My main problem is making up my mind whether I want to fuck or be fucked. But at least I have the choice!"



continued from page 10

abnormal. Nothing is abnormal if nobody is being taken advantage of. It's up to you to play it right. If your 59 year old mother-in-law is all that great, perhaps she would like to appear in HUSTLER. We want to bring our readers nothing but the best.

Both my wife and I are highly sexed. She likes me to make her come and come. We have many sex toys, including a cone-shaped dildo 16-in. long, going from 2-in. to 5-in. in diameter. Her cunt can take it all. Before we fuck, she wants me to squeeze and pinch her clit until she screams out with pleasure. I am capable of fucking her three times a night. She still isn't satisfied. What shall I do about it? She suggested a gang bang. Would that help? How about a dog? I have a friend with a pony for his children; she suggested she would like the pony to fuck her. Is that possible? What could her problem be?

Name Withheld by Request
Buffalo, N.Y.

It wouldn't be possible to precisely diagnose your wife's problem without going to bed with her. However, there are two possibilities and they both have the same solution. The first possibility is, strange as it may seem, that your wife has not been having orgasms. This would, of course, leave her unsatisfied. The other possibility is that she does have orgasms and is just in need of a greater number of them. The approach to take in

either case is to buy your wife a good, powerful plug-in vibrator. In a case like this you might buy several different kinds so she can see which she likes best.

My girl friend claims she is having sex with men from another galaxy! Believe me, I'm not putting you on. I'm not saying she is doing this, but this is what she told me: She belongs to a secret cult here in Los Angeles. Once a month, eight of them, all women, drive out into the desert. There is a special place where they go in order to perform their ritual. It's at night and they do it on the new moon. First they form a circle and dance about, violently shaking their whole bodies until they are in a trance-like state. Once in this state they remove all of their clothes and lie on the ground on their stomachs with pillows under their hips so that their buttocks are turned up. Their heads are all pointed out from the center of the circle.

At this point they repeat an eight-part incantation, partially out loud and partially to themselves. None of the eight knows the part each repeats to herself. The sexual energy of their eight bodies in this circle provides the guidance for the intergalactic creature to navigate to where they are. When the incantation is finished, a bright light appears in the center of the circle. None of them can see it because they are all facing out from the middle, but they can see the glow that it casts all around them. A singing noise comes with the glow.

After a few minutes they hear one of the girls moan. They know the creature has penetrated her. It stays in her for about five minutes and then

moves to the next, circulating counterclockwise. In forty minutes it has finished the last. My girl friend says that the feeling is out of this world, like nothing that could ever come from fucking a human being. The creature has two pricks, or at least she feels two coming into her, one in her vagina and one in her ass. Once in her it fills her with a kind of warmth that she has never felt before. The warmth spreads through her whole body until it glows like the light in the middle of the circle. She can see her hands and arms lit up. Once she is glowing the creature withdraws. She has never seen it; they are not allowed to turn around until the light goes away.

After the creature fucks her, she feels fantastic for an entire week. She says there is no way to explain it but she would give up anything to keep those monthly appointments. She won't tell me how she got into this or anything else about it. I believe what she has told me. What do you think?

L.M.

Los Angeles, Calif.

It is obvious from your letter that you do not take this column seriously, and to treat your letter seriously would certainly make our other readers wonder about the validity of the entire column. Have you considered applying your talents to a fiction piece, or perhaps contributing theme ideas for upcoming fantasy photo features? We would like to point out that one thing HUSTLER has going for it is credibility, and we want to keep it that way.

I've been married for 12 years now, and my wife and I enjoy all kinds of sexual pleasure with each other. We both notice an increasing number of female lesbians in men's magazines and we wonder why men are turned on by women who prefer women, but seemingly are not turned on by men making it with other men. Although my wife and I have never had any homosexual experiences, we are turned on by pictures of both female and male homosexuals making love.

Would this indicate that we are bisexual?

Name Withheld by Request
Waco, Texas

The whole issue of bisexuality is too complex to go into here. Perhaps we will devote a Sex Play column to it in the near future. Put most simply, the term "bisexuality" is usually used to describe people who make love with partners of both sexes.

As for pictures in HUSTLER of homosexual or bisexual men making love with each other, just because you get turned on looking at this type of picture doesn't mean you are bisexual or homosexual. Everyone sees something different when he looks at a picture. Go on, enjoy, and quit trying to analyze what feels natural.

THE PHILOSOPHER

For a thousand years I have been asking myself, "What will I do now?" And still I need not answer.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"AH—HH—CHOO!"

Cum Co.

SPERM BANK

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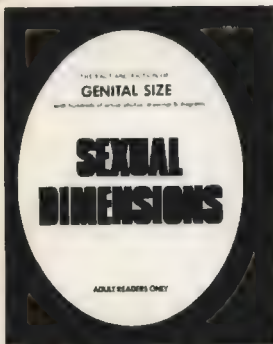


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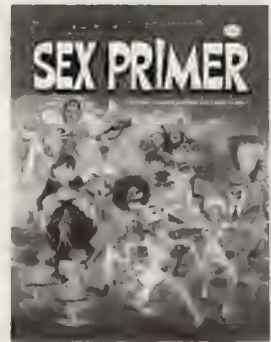
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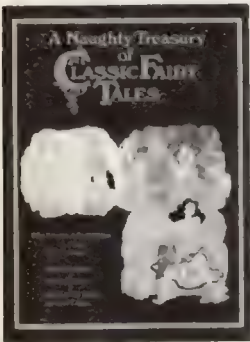
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by Mister "X"

I'd like to tell you about an experience I had a few years ago. I got married when I was nineteen and I was dumb about sex. I had fucked one woman before I got married, only she was a whore.

My wife and I had been married about four years when Nancy, my wife's sister, came to live with us. She was sixteen. I wasn't running around on my wife but she was hung up on religion and wouldn't go to movies or swimming or anything like that. I was young and horny and had to do something to satisfy my sexual desires. I got to noticing Nancy, my sister-in-law. She was pretty and terrifically stacked for a sixteen year old.

During the week, my wife would go to gospel singing and tell Nancy and I to go to a movie, which suited me fine. I got to falling in love with Nancy but I was afraid to say anything to her, because she might tell my wife. After Nancy had stayed with us for a while, I got to peeping in the bathroom window at her when she was taking a bath. I would masturbate while I watched her. And then I got to getting her panties and putting them on and masturbating. It was so good that a few times when I put her panties on, I would come by just taking hold of my dick.

Once when I was taking a bath, Nancy walked into the bathroom and saw me nude. She looked at my dick for a long time and then left. Later on, I watched Nancy when she took a bath and I went and got her panties and smelled them. I could go for an hour, just sniffing and masturbating.

After about two years, Nancy got married. It was almost more than I could stand to see her go. A few years after that my wife and I got a divorce. I moved away to another state. I thought about Nancy an awful lot. She was so nice and friendly and went to church and helped out in all the goings-on in the community. Over the years I still thought about her. I had my forty-second birthday and that made Nancy thirty-five.

Then one day I had to go back to my hometown on some business. I went into a store and Nancy was working there. I was surprised to see her, but glad. She asked me what I was doing back in town.

"I'm on vacation," I said.

"It must be nice to take a vacation," she answered, and I told her I was going to California. Nancy smiled. "Do you need a

KINKY KORNER



woman to go with you? Lord, I've always wanted to go to California." I couldn't believe my ears.

"Isn't your husband home?" I asked.

"No, he's away for awhile," said Nancy.

I quickly talked her into going with me. I drove about twenty miles from her store and waited for her. When she passed I followed her to the airport. I couldn't believe it was happening, after all these years, but it was. We got to the airport and got a plane to California. While on the plane, the stewardess came around serving drinks. Nancy hesitated before she would take one, but she finally did. We had a couple of drinks apiece on the plane.

When we landed in California, I rented a car, then got a motel room. We drank some more in the motel before we went out. I still didn't know how to act around her. I took Nancy out to a topless place. She seemed to like it alright. After we were there awhile, I could tell she wasn't used to drinking, because she had already gotten wobbly.

Awhile later Nancy asked me to take her back to the motel. I got her in the car, and we left. She tried to go to sleep on the way, but I kept her awake. When we got to the motel, I almost had to carry her into the room. She was trying to get on the bed with her clothes on, but I helped her up and finally got her dress off, then I let her get on the bed. My dick was already throbbing, knowing what I was going to do. I stood a few minutes and looked at her. Nancy had on a white lace bra and white half slip. I was so hot I thought I was going to go off in my pants.

In a little while I shook Nancy, but she didn't wake up, so I knew she was out cold. I took her shoes off first, then I hooked my fingers in the waist band of her slip, and took it off. I looked at her again; I got so excited I began to tremble. The next thing I did was to get out of my own clothes, which didn't take me long.

I got her bra off and noticed she still had a nice set of tits for a woman her age. I was getting more excited all the time. I looked at my dick and a little cum had already started to ooze out. I wasted no time in hooking my fingers in the elastic of her panties and pulling them off.

I thought I should wait till she was herself again, but something could have happened, and I'd waited too many years to stop now. I spread her legs apart and the gash of her pussy opened up about an inch. I knew I was going to have to do something quick or I would shoot off standing there.

I crawled on top of Nancy, I took my fingers and spread the lips of her pussy, then guided my dick into her red cunt. I had about three inches of my eight-inch cock in her when I started coming. I shoved it on in

and came all the way to the bottom of her beautiful juicy twat.

I just laid there a few minutes before I took my dick out of Nancy. My cum had made it's way to the opening of her gash and was running down to her asshole. I was still excited as hell. I knew of some more things I was going to do. I looked at her and her mouth was partly open, so I got around to where I could slip my cum-soaked dick into her mouth. I let it go back till the head of my dick hit the opening of her throat. I worked it back and forth a couple of times. I knew I was going to come again and I started to pull it out, but not before some cum went in her mouth. The rest went on her face.

I looked at Nancy and thought, here I have come in her pussy and in her mouth and I haven't even kissed her yet. I waited awhile, then got back on Nancy and slipped my dick back into her pussy. I started kissing her. I could taste my cum on her lips. It took a little longer before I came the third time. After I pulled out of Nancy I put my face to Nancy's pussy and spread the lips, then ran my tongue through it. I was satisfied for the night.

The next morning when I awoke, Nancy

was already up. I felt foolish—I didn't know what Nancy was going to say or do. She came out of the bathroom in her panties and bra and sat down at the dresser and started to primp.

"Boy, I was out like a light last night," Nancy said.

"How well I know it."

"You did get you some, didn't you?" asked Nancy.

"Yes ... I did."

"I knew you did ... the hair on my pussy was stuck together this morning," she said.

We got ready and went to the beach. We laid around all day and drank a few beers, but not too many. We went out awhile that evening, but came in early.

That night, when we were getting ready for bed, Nancy stripped down to her panties and bra. I took off everything but my shorts. We got in bed. I put my arms around her and pulled her up close, and kissed her. We let our tongues enter each other's mouth. After we kissed awhile I put my mouth to her tits and started sucking the nipples. I ran my hand through the blonde hair on her pussy, I found the little man in the boat and started working it back and forth. It wasn't long

before Nancy started breathing hard. She said, "Oh Ed ... let's fuck."

I had never heard her say a word like that before. I didn't waste any time getting on Nancy and slipping my cock into her burning hole. Nancy wrapped her legs around me and started working her ass like a jack hammer. I could tell she was about to reach her peak. She moaned: "OH ... MY GOD ... I'VE WAITED ... SO ... LONG FOR THIS ... OHHHHHH ... H—HONEY ... THIS IS WONDERFUL!"

"Nancy, I'd like to try something different," I said.

"Darling, try anything you want to."

I got down between her legs and started eating her pussy. I found her clitoris and started working it with my tongue. It got to her, good. Again, she put both legs in the air and moaned: "OHHHHHH ... I'VE HEARD OF THIS ... B-BUT I COULDN'T BELIEVE ... THAT ... IT ... IT WAS THIS GOOD ... OHHHH ... I'M COMING AGAIN ... OHHHH!"

I got around in the sixty-nine position and told her to take my dick in her mouth. "Ed," she said, "I've never done this before!"

"Go ahead and try it," I said.

She took my cum-soaked cock in her hand and looked at it a few minutes. Then she slowly brought it to her lips. She touched the head with her tongue, then let it enter her mouth. I told her to use her tongue on the head of my cock. She did as I told her. Nancy was giving good head for a beginner. Finally she took it out of her mouth and said, "What if that stuff goes in my mouth?"

"Just swallow it," I said.

She put it back in her mouth and started sucking. It wasn't long before I unloaded a jet of sticky cum in her throat. I yelled: "SWALLOW ... HONEY ... SWALLOW!"

After she had swallowed it all, she took my cock out of her mouth and said, "Ed ... when you came in my mouth, I came also. It's hard to believe."

I said to Nancy, "You know ... I've always wanted to fuck you."


"You won't believe this, but I've been wanting to fuck you since I was sixteen," she said.

"Nancy, you're kidding."

"It's true, Ed. I gave you every chance I knew to get you to fuck me, but you wouldn't do it," said Nancy.

"Goddamn, Nancy! Just look at all we have missed!" I said.

"Yes ... You could have been getting this pussy all the time, if you had wanted it ... I always wanted to see what kind of dick my sister was getting."

It just goes to show you what you can miss if you don't try for it. Nancy and I tried to make up for all the years we had missed. We fucked all night. 



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THE UNDERWEAR REVIVAL


continued from page 65

and these theatrical people rejected the department store fare; instead, they found their costumes in secondhand stores around San Francisco, and, while the students were becoming regimental and uniform as they had been in the Ivy League fifties, they went in the opposite direction. The Cockettes represent that extreme; a gay theatre commune, they put on stage shows at midnight at the Palace Theatre in North Beach from 1969 to 1972. There were men and women in the troupe and they were costume freaks to the nth degree, often covering their bodies with ten to thirty pounds of everything from 1940-style dresses to dimstore Christmas decorations. The Cockettes were the forerunners of glitter rock, performing onstage long before Alice Cooper or The New York Dolls.

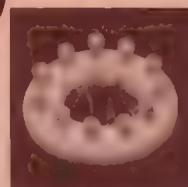
In the cities, everything has a way of recycling rapidly, and while the campuses were becoming plainer, a lot of younger high schoolers were tripping on rock singers like Diana Harris of Steelwind. They saw the long gowns, the platform heels, and the makeup, almost for the first time, and when it was fashionable for stars to wear underwear onstage as costume it really got to a lot of them. All that silk and satin and lush red lipstick and sensual perfume! Ah, they had to get into that!

So it was in 1974 that the hip teenaged girls began to appear in lipstick and rouge and silk blouses and long hip-hugging flare pants and Bird of Paradise platforms that set them up even higher, and along with this revival of the hot thirties and forties styles (really a conglomeration of styles from 1920 to the present) came a new surge of erotic feeling—especially in those of us who had particularly fond memories of those days of high heels and step-ins and negligees and pointed bras.

We knew the underwear would be back. Our nostalgia goes beyond nudity. There were no naked bodies in the forties, but there were a lot of tight cashmere sweaters, and who can forget what a sexual experience it was to sit on the bleachers near the track and watch the cheerleaders work out? Or those drum majorettes at halftime with their tight tights? Or better yet, all that slinky black lace underwear in your mother's dresser drawer; did she really dress that way when she was young?

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HUSTLER PROFILE

by Eric Norden

What follows is far more than the personality profile of publisher Ralph Ginzburg. It is the recap of an outrageous incident of governmental persecution, in which Ginzburg ultimately served time in prison for having exercised his Constitutional right of freedom of expression. The trial, conviction and incarceration of Ralph Ginzburg, for publishing an artful, erotic magazine named *Eros*—a magazine which today would be considered tame and tasteful—was a last-ditch effort by the forces of censorship to repress the sexual revolution which was burgeoning in the early 1960s. The plot against Ginzburg boomeranged, because his persecution was such a blatant rape of Constitutional freedoms that the government was shamed into expanding sexual liberty even beyond Ginzburg's dreams at the time he first published *Eros* in 1962. Thus, Ginzburg's ordeal probably had

more impact on the sexual revolution than *Fanny Hill* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* combined. Despite the fact that the Ginzburg Case began 13 years ago (when many present day HUSTLER readers were too young to be aware of the controversy), it is more than just a piece of old news—a footnote in the history of the American sexual revolution. That revolution is not over yet, not by any means; the unjust

THE RALPH GINZBURG STORY

hypocrisy that imprisoned Ralph Ginzburg in 1962 is echoed in the criminal charges facing Screw publisher Al Goldstein even now. And the same power to suppress our freedom of expression confronts all of us—readers, writers, and publishers—to this very day. HUSTLER presents this story not in a spirit of self-congratulation for how far we have come, but in the determination that we, as citizens, must not allow such a shameful episode to occur again.

I was on my way to see Ralph Ginzburg, "The King of Smut," who'd been dubbed a "leering sensualist and panderer" by the Supreme Court of the United States and "a pornographic racketeer" by the editors of the *New York Times*. Ralph Ginzburg, who had served eight months of a five-year prison sentence for publishing *Eros: A Quarterly Review of the Joys of Love*.

To reach Ginzburg's office on West 40th, you take the elevator to the 26th floor and then walk up an Eiger-like spiral staircase leading to his rooftop office overlooking Bryant Park. That staircase is also a time tunnel, a culture warp, hurtling you back from Ford to JFK, from Elton John to Chubby Checker, from Linda Lovelace to Marilyn Monroe. From Fun City to Camelot. Ralph Ginzburg, you find out fast, has never left the sixties. They whipped his ass, but he's still there.

"Yeah, sure, I used to feel a little bitter about it. I mean, today you have this deluge of real porn, hard-core stuff, completely vulgar and unaesthetic. And for putting out *Eros* they fined me \$42,000 and sentenced me to five years in prison. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm *glad* the pendulum has swung and there's total freedom of expression; my whole life has been a fight against censorship of any kind, but what gets me about it is the sheer *hypocrisy* of it all. Maybe the people who run this society don't mind vulgar, crude sex—maybe it's just the portrayal of sex as something beautiful and life-affirming that worries them. Maybe that's why *Eros* was so subversive—because it wasn't ugly or cheap or garish."

Ginzburg makes an unlikely martyr. He's a short, balding man in his forties with a borschty Brooklyn accent and a moustache that tries for Zapata but ends up early-Groucho. His attic office is small and cluttered, without any imprint of personality. The typewriter dominating his desk is the only visible sign of creative activity—that, and a plaque on the wall ("A man should share the action and passion of his times at peril of being judged not to have lived."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*). It seems an improbable credo for this man and this office—but then, Ralph Ginzburg is nothing if not improbable.

Ginzburg was born in Brooklyn in 1931, the son of Lithuanian immigrants. Like other children of the thirties, Ralph bought the American Dream, warts and all. He also accepted without question the puritan work ethos that imbued Jews and Wasps alike.

A good student in high school, Ralph majored in accounting at the City College School of Business (with a minor in journalism). He was a grind, and not overly popular with his fellow students. But no one



doubted his potential; as one classmate, satirist Marvin Kitman, recalls, "Everybody knew he was going to be a superstar."

After graduation Ralph took a job on the now-defunct *New York Daily Compass*, left the paper for a two-year stint in the army, then went to work in 1954 for *Look* magazine, where his rise was meteoric. Appointed Promotion Manager at the age of 23, with a salary of \$15,000 a year, he quickly mastered the economics of pub-

lishing: "I learned everything there was to learn about selling and distribution, but my heart was always in the editorial department." In 1956 he moved over to *Esquire* as an Articles Editor, after impressing publisher Arnold Gingrich with a survey of the Library of Congress's restricted collection of erotic literature. At the age of 25, Ginzburg was something of a prodigy in New York publishing circles, and even then the literati were a bit baffled by the brash newcomer. "Some of us thought he was a young Mencken," an editor recalls. "Others thought he was a con man. Maybe we were both right." It's a Jekyll-Hyde image that Ginzburg has never shaken.

It was in 1958, when Eisenhower was in the White House, and *Playboy* was still socially taboo, that Ginzburg set up a one-shot publishing house, the Helmsman Press, and released a 125-page book with an introduction by the noted psychoanalyst Theodor Reik. Retailing for the exorbitant price of \$4.95, *An Unhurried View of Erotica* was heralded by a spate of flamboyant full-page ads (the first of Ginzburg's *blitzkrieg* promotions) and sold 125,000 copies in hardcover and over 275,000 in paperback. Ginzburg barnstormed the talk-show circuit, avidly huckstering his book—and never failing to identify himself as Articles Editor of *Esquire*. That magazine promptly fired him, but Ralph couldn't have cared less. He had parlayed an initial investment of \$15,000 into more than half-a-million, and his next project, a "quality" quarterly devoted to sexual subjects, was already percolating. The *wunderkind* was on his way.

The first issue of *Eros* appeared on Valentine's Day, 1962. It had been in the works for more than four years, ever since the success of *An Unhurried View of Erotica*. *Eros* was a hardcover quarterly with an annual subscription price of \$25.00, printed on expensive, heavy stock, and beautifully designed. The critical response to the first issue was overwhelmingly favorable. John Fuller wrote in the *Saturday Review* that "*Eros* is a lavish production, full of classical references to art, likely to become known as the *American Heritage* of the bedroom." The consensus was that only the most hardened and humorless bluenoses would be offended, and nobody even raised the specter of court action to suppress the magazine. This, after all, was 1962.

Eros, in fact, positively reeked of redeeming social importance. There was the complete text of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* with exquisite Beardsleyesque illustrations, Shakespeare's love sonnets coexisting with Allen Ginzburg's poetry and Bobby

**"HAD EROS
NEVER BEEN
ADVERTISED,
THEY NEVER
WOULD HAVE
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Burns's paeans to the flesh, woodcuts by Durer, Rembrandt reproductions, de Maupassant short stories with accompanying art by Degas, original fiction by contemporary writers like Ray Bradbury, essays by Mark Twain and Frank Harris, and, voluptuously but tastefully illustrated, the Song of Songs from the Book of Solomon. Reading a copy of *Eros* today, you're struck by its decorum, its evasions bordering on coyness, and, above all, its essential *gentility*. The ultimate effect was about as likely to trigger a hard-on as *Little Women*, and only the horniest of pubes would ever froth over *Eros*.

Physically, there's no doubt that *Eros* was the most handsome mass-produced magazine in American publishing history. The Art Directors' Club of New York

the hard way that the average person can't separate the artistic merit of the publication from the means you use to sell it. To me, promotion was always a means to an end, and the end was to put out a beautiful, important magazine with a philosophy that celebrates life, and enhances it. But I guess my promotion talent has been a two-edged sword. It's sold my magazines, but it's also turned a lot of people off me, and caused a lot of trouble. I mean, if *Eros* had never been advertised, they never would have tried to suppress it. But what was I supposed to do—just send copies to my friends and trust in word-of-mouth?"

The backlash was quick to build. Representative Kathryn Granahan vilified both *Eros* and Ginzburg on the House floor only six weeks after publication, and her

anger was particularly ominous in light of her influence with the Post Office, still legally charged with banning obscene material from the mails. Rep. Granahan was a devout Roman Catholic (as are, traditionally, all U. S. Postmasters General), and although the Vatican's Sacred Library boasts the largest and most valuable collection of erotica in the world, the Church itself has never been amused by popular pornography.

Exclusively or predominantly Roman Catholic vigilante groups quickly took the lead in the campaign against *Eros*, and as early as the spring of 1962 their respective publications were running scare stories about Ginzburg's "perverted publication." Priests thundered from the pulpit (occasionally echoed by right-wing fundamen-



awarded *Eros* its Gold Medal, the most coveted graphic design award in the country. The U.S. State Department included representative selections of *Eros* in a portfolio of leading American graphic art to be displayed in Moscow, and the magazine was widely praised by artists and art historians here and abroad. But if beauty was in the eye of the beholder, so was obscenity. Ginzburg was heading for big trouble.

"Sure, I'm a good promoter, a good hustler. One of the best around," Ginzburg says nowadays, reflecting on his campaigns to promote *Eros* and his other brainchildren. "I know how to launch a successful razzle-dazzle sales campaign. I hit hard, I come on like gangbusters. But all my publications have top quality, none more so than *Eros*. Unfortunately, I've had to learn

**READING A
COPY OF EROS
TODAY, YOU'RE
STRUCK BY ITS
DECORUM AND
ITS ESSENTIAL
GENTILITY.**



talist Protestants in the Bible Belt) and the Post Office was deluged with letters of protest, many of them written word-for-word by whole classes of parochial school kids. By the end of 1962, Post Office General Counsel Louis J. Doyle revealed that he had so far received a total of 35,000 complaints against *Eros*, a record number in Post Office history. The heat was on, and the mortification of Ralph Ginzburg was gaining momentum. In the end, however, it was Ralph who scoured himself—with more than a little help from then-Attorney General Robert Francis Kennedy.

Kennedy was a swinger in private life, but a puritan as far as public "vice" (drugs, gambling, prostitution and pornography) was concerned. By the early fall of 1962, with an average of 900 complaints a day flooding the Post Office, he had already

begun to contemplate prosecuting *Eros* as obscene, but hesitated because of the religious aspects of the case. The prejudices of the 1960 campaign had receded, but not disappeared, and Bobby wanted to avoid charges of subservience to the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

So, for three issues of *Eros*, Bobby held back, possibly giving Ralph enough rope to hang himself. With an infallible instinct for self-destruction, Ralph not only continued the massive mail-order campaign that was driving the defenders of the faith up the wall, but in his fourth issue he ran a photographic essay, "Black and White in Color," depicting a black male and a white woman in various postures of lovemaking. There was nothing "obscene" about the feature—intercourse was never shown, much less the lovers' organs—and the overall effect was tender and romantic, hardly sexual at all. But—it was 1962, and the Kennedy Administration was desperately trying to cool the simmering racial crisis—and in the process protect its political flank with strategically tenured Southern Congressmen (two of whom promptly took to the floor of Congress to denounce Ginzburg as a race-mixing pinko pornographer). Slow as they'd been, the mills of justice were now ready to grind up Ralph Ginzburg.

Ralph's office Christmas party in December, 1962, was a pretty tame affair for the nation's most infamous Smut King. No secretary-swapping, just a couple of bottles of Scotch and rye and an FM radio playing classical music. But the festivities were enlivened when two steely-eyed federal marshals walked in to serve Ralph an indictment charging him with 28 violations of the 1873 Comstock Act. The act was named after Anthony Comstock, the most notorious smut-suppressor in American history, and each count of the indictment was punishable by a fine of \$10,000 and ten years in prison, adding up to a maximum penalty of \$280,000 in fines and 280 years in prison. (Under the provisions of the act, each copy of an obscene publication, and every advertisement for it, represents a separate violation or "count," so theoretically, having mailed out 9,000,000 magazines and brochures, Ralph could have been faced with \$90 billion in fines and 90,000,000 years in prison.) Ralph Ginzburg, for the first and possibly last time in his entire life, was speechless.

Ralph was, of course, shrewd enough to have suspected some trouble, but he always expected the flak to come from the Post Office, not the Justice Department. In all previous censorship proceedings, such as the famous *Lady Chatterley's Lover*

case, the government had brought civil charges against the publisher and attempted to ban his book from the mails; nobody had ever tried to jail him. But in Ralph's case the Comstock Act had been deliberately resurrected in order to bring stiff criminal charges. He'd expected a ritual slap on the wrist from the postal authorities, more to tranquilize Catholic opposition than suppress *Eros*, followed by a speedy exoneration in Appeals Court (with the added bonus of valuable nationwide publicity that would inevitably boost circulation). Now, he had to pull the meat axe out of his back.

Ralph immediately retained the best legal counsel he could find. The lawyers quickly pointed out a potentially dangerous aspect of the indictment—Ralph was required to stand trial in Philadelphia. This was the first time in the 90-year history of the Comstock Act that a defendant had been forced to defend himself outside the specific locality where his offense had occurred. A few days' study of back copies of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* made it chillingly clear why Bobby Kennedy had chosen this city: the climate of Philadelphia was ideally suited to a successful prosecution. Partly due to its large and conservative Roman Catholic population, Philadelphia in the past few years had become the smut-hunting capital of the nation. Under the leadership of a Church-sponsored vigilante group, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* had been banned from the public libraries and *Huckleberry Finn* removed from city high schools and replaced with a "cleaned up" version. To celebrate such triumphs over the Antichrist, a giant pyramid of "obscene" books and magazines was set to the torch on the steps of Philadelphia's leading Roman Catholic cathedral, while the city Superintendent of Schools gave his blessing and a boys' choir chorused *Gloria in Excelsis* in the background. No important church or civic leader spoke out against the officially-sanctioned book burning.

"It didn't take me long to realize it was no accident that I was to be tried in Philadelphia," Ralph recalls. "Two hundred years ago they would have picked Salem."

But by June 17, 1963, when Ralph arrived in Federal Criminal Court in Philadelphia for his trial, he had rekindled his flickering optimism. There was no sense panicking, or

THE PHILOSOPHER

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getting paranoid; no matter how much hysteria there was in the streets, the courts were something else again. Besides, this was still the Cradle of Liberty, the Philadelphia of the Constitutional Convention, the Bill of Rights, the Liberty Bell—and above all, the Philadelphia of Ben Franklin, one of Ralph's great heroes. The City of Brotherly Love would still come through for him. After all, if you buy the Dream, it can't become a nightmare. Can it?

Partly out of faith in an impartial judiciary, partly from fear of the average Philadelphian, Ralph waived a jury trial and put his fate squarely in the hands of the Honorable Ralph C. Body of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. A slight, graying man of 66, Body hailed from Reading, Pennsylvania and was a local pillar of the American Legion, Rotary Club, and Shriners.

As the trial got underway, Ralph received his first jolt. The indictment had named two other of his publications in addition to *Eros*: *Liaison*, a weekly digest of sex information heavily laden with pseudoscientific jargon, and *The Housewife's Handbook of Selective Promiscuity*, a relatively raunchy account of the erotic adventures of an Arizona nymphomaniac named Maxine Serrett. Ralph had expected the prosecution to focus on *Eros*, but instead, U. S. Attorney Drew O'Keefe virtually ignored *Eros* and hammered away at *Handbook*, contending that it was not only pornographic in and of itself but symptomatic of Ginzburg's "intent to pander." It was a shrewd decision; *Eros* had won so many awards, and had so many defenders in academia and the arts, that it made a tricky target. But *Handbook* was the weak link in Ginzburg's chain of publications; it was easy to portray as dirty because it was dirty. The prosecution lasted only 87 minutes, and its case was far from impressive, but as excerpt after lubricious excerpt from *Handbook* was read into the record, Judge Body's lips could be seen growing thinner and thinner, his already florid face flushing redder and redder.

The defense fielded a heavy team of witnesses, including eminent art historians and psychiatrists, Baptist Minister Rev. George Hilsheimer (who nearly drove Judge Body to tears by testifying that he encouraged his Sunday School kids to read *A Housewife's Handbook* as a valuable exercise in sex education), and Dwight MacDonald, one of the country's leading literary critics. But under the scowling eyes of Judge Body, their eloquent defense of *Eros* as a social and artistic breakthrough began to reek of eulogy. Long before the defense rested, Ralph knew the verdict.

In his closing statement, Prosecutor O'Keefe charged that "Ginzburg isn't the ordinary furtive smut peddler—he's much worse." Judge Body seemed to nod perceptibly from the bench, and a few hours later found Ralph guilty on all counts. In his decision, he ruled that *Liaison* "creates a sense of shock, disgust and shame in the average reader," while *Eros* "has not the slightest redeeming social, artistic, or literary importance or value." He admitted he hadn't read all of *A Housewife's Handbook*, but said that "the material contained therein is extremely boring, disgusting and shocking to this Court, as well as to an average reader." He sentenced Ralph to five years in prison and fines totaling \$42,000.

"I left the courtroom in a state of shock," Ralph remembers. "I still couldn't believe this was happening to me in America." Ginzburg had sensibly steeled himself for a conviction and anticipated a substantial fine, but he never really believed he would be sent to prison; as a first offender with some reputation in the community, the worst he'd expected was a few months' suspended sentence. But now he was a convicted felon, with a five-year prison sentence hanging over his head.

On May 26, 1963, Ralph's appeal was denied in the Third Circuit of the United States Court of Appeals by Judge Gerald McLaughlin, who unreservedly upheld Judge Body's decision and refused to reduce the sentence. For Ralph Ginzburg there was now only one barrier between himself and the penitentiary: the United States Supreme Court.

Ralph Ginzburg revered the Warren Court. Its 1954 decision in *Brown vs. Board of Education* had sounded the death knell of state-sanctioned segregation and paved the way for the civil rights revolution of the sixties, a movement close to Ralph's heart. The Court had also steadily expanded civil liberties in general through a series of decisions such as *Miranda* and *Esposito*, which protected criminal defendants from overzealous police and prosecutors, while in *Roth* it established the same liberalized guidelines on obscenity that enabled Ralph to publish *Eros* in the first place. His lawyers assured him that it would be unthinkable for the Court to sustain his conviction; by doing so, the liberal majority under Warren would not only be abandoning their own principles but also contradicting and ultimately invalidating their previous decisions.

Absolution seemed certain; what he really hoped for was vindication, a ringing decision affirming his integrity, his innocence, and castigating his persecutors.

continued on page 93

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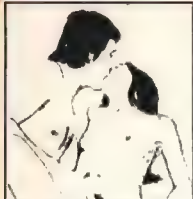
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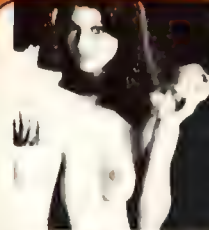
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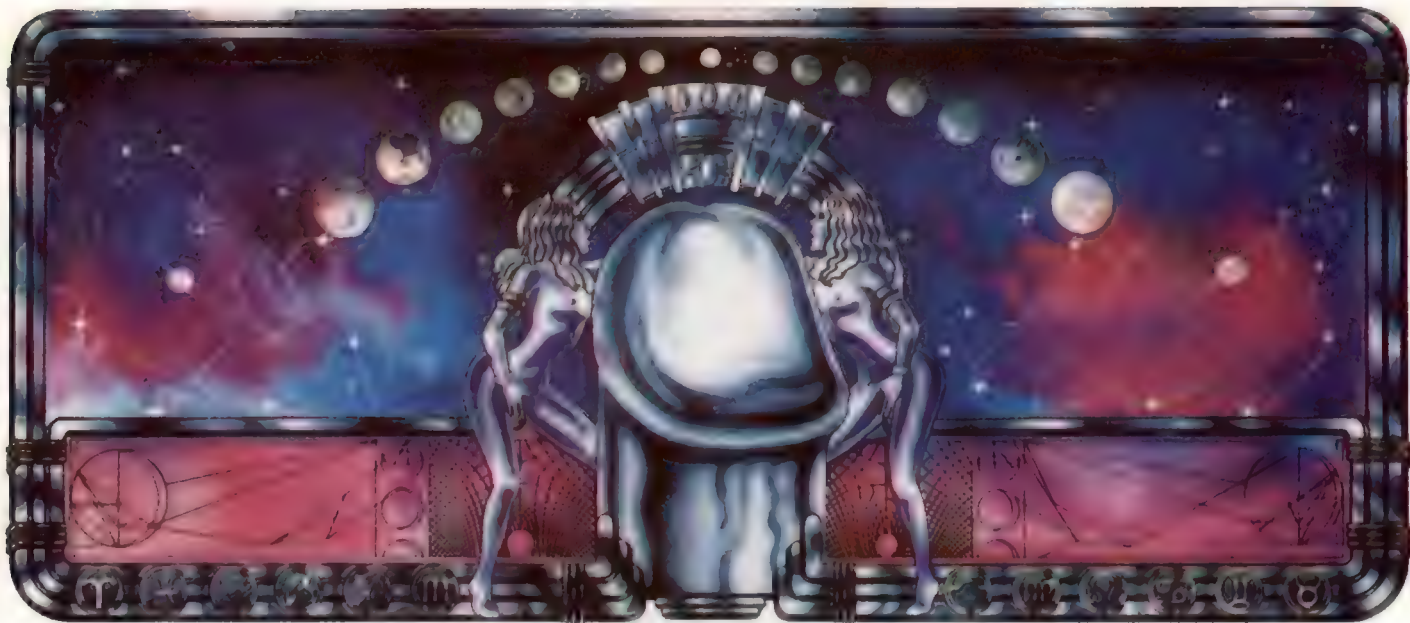
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HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY



by Fickling

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

You adventurous Aquarians love to try anything.

Right now in the cool cool of the winter is the time to tackle some of those weird indoor plans that have been rolling around in your heads since Christmas and New Year's.

Your sex life charts for February indicate a lot of indoor activity—like eat, drink and make Mary. Most women are prone to your prong, particularly those soft, sweet Pisces dolls who love to be bound into personal slavery. Remember the scene in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" when the devious demon keeps a fair maid under lock and key while sexually assaulting her in every way possible? Hyde was an Aquarian. The maid, who screamed and pleaded, and yet loved every second of it, was a Pisces.

At the moment, you Aquarians are going even deeper than usual in your extensive probings of life and times—and dolls. If there is a neighborhood cutie or a lovely at the office you have been eyeing and craving to do a little *lying* with—now is the time to cum to the aid of her *cuntry*.

Your money picture continues to open, also. If you are in a creative field do everything possible to expand what you're working on, sell it as quickly as is feasible and wait for some fantastic results. Despite the unstable economic situation, Aquarian charts reveal you could be in for some surprising monetary windfalls—if you don't screw up the works. Do your screwing between the sheets.

Don't work too hard at any one project, because you could blow out one of those strange emotional fuses and suffer some physical side effects from the impact.

Also stay away from any venomous Virgos this month. These gals are generally poison for you Aquarians anyway—especially now when super-strong contrasts flow between these two signs. This combination is known as the "Last Tango in the Zodiac." At Barney's Beanery they call this the "Ball Breaker's Special." That's two Aquarian testicles and some Virgo spit.

During February, if you have your sights set on a wild "let-it-all-hang-out" fling, psych into a capricious Capricorn, a big-assed Aries or an ever-lubricated Libra.

As for your birthday present, ask for an orgy. Maybe your wife or girl friend likes them, too!

PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

If you're in a romantic mood this month, which you should be, the charts say stick to your own kind and make this a "Prick a Pisces Month." Don't make this any kind of "Sin with Scorpio Month," because they are in a particularly bad mood now and might twist your dick around your balls. Watch the old capital savings during February and keep your investments, and especially any frivolous loans, at a bare minimum. Get totally bare instead, and, if you have the opportunity, play Papa Bear with some cute female cub. But if you're married, watch out!

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You Rams are beginning to have those sparkly Fourth-of-July dreams and are creating plans for 1976. This is a particularly good time to put it all together without super-complicating things later on. Don't look over other fences, or waste time casing your best friend's wife. Cut some of your dead thoughts away, including cock-eyed urges for dames you know you'll never land in the sack. Lots of hard work and dedication in February will help lay those future plans solidly. Save, despite an urge to spend on a new car, clothes or a wild fucking spree!

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Taurean charts are dazzling with wine, women and whoopee! You might as well enjoy the *whole* thing *whilst ye may* during these winter days. There'll be no *Bullshit* now as everything should be running extremely smoothly, including the monetary intake. Later this year Taurus may suffer a number of major changes, but during February sex and *win* seem to be your high cards. This is a time to try new trinkets and test the old stamina. Pick up an agile, anal-loving Aquarian. She may show you exactly where to put your goodie stick and she'll love every last inch. Bottoms up!

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Mind-blowing is a trait often leveled at Geminis, and this month could be fairly squirrely for you guys. Best you try and blow up something else, like a pair of beautiful boobs, and take some pressure off yourself. Gem charts are on the wild side and look even worse for your Cancerian cousins, so avoid any cute Can gals because you might wind up during full-of-the-moon banging heads or getting married. Avoid arguing about money with close associates. This could be dangerous. Also stay away from danger ass!

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

This could be "tough titty time" for you Cancerian Crabs, if you're too footloose and fancy free and get too cocky this month. If you're a "caught crab" (been before the preacher) don't hang it promiscuously out (or *in*) or you may no longer be hung. Money matters are apt to blow up in your face, family affairs might be unstable, so tread a narrow line and keep your mouth shut and your zipper zapped. Better times are coming shortly. Your best bet, if you must fuck around, is a knothole—but be careful of those splinters!

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

Cum-ing on strong! Leo charts are on the upswing and by summer you Lions are going to be lapping up the cream of womanhood and banking bucks like a nympho prostitute who is the only one who turns up one night for work. Right now your meat should

be a sadistic Scorpio, one who loves backseat jobs, or doing it right in front of her husband when he doesn't even suspect you Leos are secretly humping the shit out of her. This is a very lucky period for you Lions and any gamble would be worth the price of admission. Don't buck the wave. Climb on top!

VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

Let the good times roll! Virgo charts continue to sparkle, especially in the monetary department, so do everything but print your own greenbacks. This trend is dwindling somewhat, but when it comes to dolls you can't go wrong with a determined dong. Apply a lot of that marvelous moxie of yours and the gals will *cum* a-running. Your gambling spirit is also high and should be exercised in bets where your keen, honest judgment is called upon, especially in horse races and at crap tables. Ride this lucky streak out!

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

Stumbling blocks are walling you in again and you Librans will have to work like hell to get around them. Take all the rest you need to get a second wind, but don't become caught with your back turned (or eyes closed) because the bastards are trying to really beat you down this time if you are not prepared for them. As far as the ladies are concerned, let a few sassy Sagittarians discover what a fierce sex drive you have and use them to absorb some of your frustrations. Enthusiasm is the keyword this month, so don't allow yours to wane. Keep it all the way *up*!

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

Light is brightening in the Scorpio sky and a burst of real hope seems to be emerging like the exquisite ruby lips of a virgin pussy being spread wide for the first time. Sweet victory may be yours, Scorpions, as your charts have made an amazing turn after a lengthy period of struggle. You have been faced with a lot of fierce opposition, but your grim determination is proving to your adversaries you may be some kind of hero. Your loved ones are finding deeper images inside of you that are more understandable. You are on the brink of breaking through just one of those barriers you have sought so hard to conquer.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

You gluttonous Sagittarians are at it again! Another project coming up and you are rushing six ways to the moon, plus you are trying to satisfy so many goodie boxes with your goodie stick, hell and your prong may freeze over simultaneously! Best you slow the pace, especially if you're hitched, because February could be the end of two good things—your dick and her marriage. If you don't calm down now and reason with your bloody hunger for life, love and longevity—you may wind up in March with *can't* instead of *cunt*!

CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

It may be about time to blow the old Capricornian horn again. Your birthday is over, Christmas is gone, New Year's Eve is shot. The too-damned-busy unquenchable work schedule is weighing heavily. You ought to have a little fun and February is a prime time chartwise to have a fling. There should be no monetary problems this month, but don't spend too much or fuck too many fillies. Blown-out circuits in a Capricorn body can cause a great deal of trouble—for everybody. Conserve some energy this month for the big weeks ahead. Women of the world deserve your best!

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GINZBURG

continued from page 88

"He didn't want the Court to just let him off," recalls a friend. "He expected them to give him a medal."

On March 21, 1966, the United States Supreme Court upheld Ginzburg's conviction by a 5-4 margin. Ruling against Ginzburg were three of the Court's leading liberals, Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justices William Brennan and Abe Fortas. The majority decision hinged not on the contents of *Eros*, but on its promotion; the Court held that by applying for mailing permits in the towns of Blue Balls and Intercourse, Pennsylvania, Ginzburg had demonstrated his intent to pander to prurient interests. Such efforts, in addition to his promotional brochures, clearly "stimulated the reader to look for titillation, not for saving intellectual content." The Court, as Robert Stein has written, was "making his style of publishing rather than the material published, the principal crime; in short, Ginzburg was to be jailed for bad taste."

Ralph was stunned by the decision. "It was probably the blackest day in my life," he says with a sudden spastic scowl. "I

mean, to be convicted over a *postmark*, and one we never even used! That whole decision rested on Blue Balls and Intercourse. I'm willing to admit the application was a mistake—but, my God, since when do you spend five years in prison for a bad joke?"

Ralph received the news of his conviction over the radio in his Manhattan offices. His shock soon turned to anger. "I didn't really know what more I could do, but I wasn't going to just lie down and die. I decided I'd go out with a fight."

Ralph began waging a war of attrition in the courts. Ginzburg's guilty verdict could no longer be revoked, but it could still be modified, and in a series of impressively argued briefs his attorney applied for a suspension of sentence, or at the very least a sharp reduction of the jail term. The appeals soon bogged down in the strangled dockets of the federal courts, and the years began to slip by with Ralph still a free man.

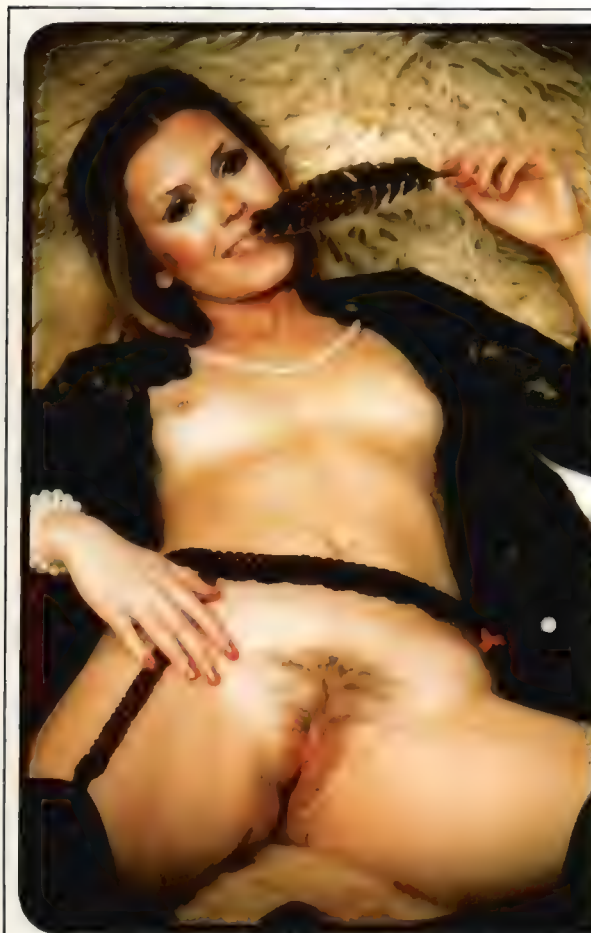
THE PHILOSOPHER

Nothing is not only nothing. It is also our prison.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

"By the late sixties," Ralph recalls, "the country was drowning in hard-core porn, and my case began to look ridiculous even to the federal prosecutors." What had begun as a delaying tactic seemed to be turning into a victory, and by 1971 Ralph's attorneys believed there was a strong chance his sentence would be suspended totally.

While his lawyers appealed to the highest court in the land, Ralph tried to pick up the pieces of his professional life. In 1964 he had launched a new magazine, *Fact*, billed in full-page ads across the country as a fearless muckraking journal. In early 1964 he had purchased the mailing list of the American Psychoanalytic Association and sent out a detailed questionnaire on Republican Presidential candidate Barry Goldwater's mental stability to each member. Twenty percent of the psychiatrists questioned had sufficient faith in their extrasensory powers to make a judgment—one invariably tailored to their political prejudices. The result was a picture of the senator as a manic-depressive, paranoid, anally-arrested homosexual with sadistic tendencies (Ginzburg carefully culled and edited the most damaging responses; half the psychiatrists who did respond were never published because



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they either challenged the premise or affirmed Goldwater's mental health).

Immediately after the election, a furious Goldwater sued Ginzburg and *Fact* for \$200,000, and was eventually awarded \$75,000 in punitive damages. Even worse, it muddled his name at the worst possible time: when nine Supreme Court justices were pondering his fate. "As a publisher," Robert Stein has written, "Ralph Ginzburg seems to have an instinct for his own jugular."

In 1967 he folded *Fact* and a year later hit the stands with a handsome new magazine, *Avant Garde*. Its promotional barrage was just as relentless as *Eros*, and to some, at least, just as tasteless. A typical full-page ad showed a girl arched back in bed, eyes closed, mouth gasping in ecstasy; the pitch reads, "*Avant Garde*, an Orgasm of the mind. Total immersion in sensual pleasure. Love on a mink blanket." Old Ralph hadn't lost his touch.

Press reaction to *Avant Garde* was generally less than enthusiastic, and *Time* complained that "promise has outrun performance, prudence has conquered prurience; the magazine is more rear guard than avant."

The magazine never caught on, and Ralph reluctantly suspended it in 1970 to concentrate on his legal problems. But Ralph Ginzburg without a magazine was like Patton without a war, and in 1971 he launched a more modest venture, *Moneysworth*, a four-page consumer newsletter. If *Moneysworth* is flimsier than *Consumer Reports*, it's certainly far more lively, covering everything from "The Wisdom of Maintaining a Secret Swiss Bank Account" to "Best Buys in Dog Food." Ralph's nonpareil promotion has made the newsletter a commercial success, but it's been widely criticized as superficial and occasionally misleading. *Moneysworth* has been a money-earner, mainly thanks to full-page ads in magazines and newspapers across the country, and its profits have enabled Ralph to contemplate launching a new version of *Avant Garde*.

But Ginzburg's different publishing ventures were always shadowed by his legal situation. The long delay in the courts appeared promising, as did the changed attitude of the federal prosecutors, who were making it clear in private that they

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didn't really want Ralph to go to jail and would welcome some kind of judicial compromise. The climate had changed radically since he was declared a non-person by the literati in 1966, and by 1971 a number of prominent intellectuals and jurists were not only willing but anxious to champion his cause. Thus, the 4,000-strong Authors' League of America filed an *amicus curiae* brief with Judge Traughtman, contending that Ginzburg's conviction "creates a formidable deterrent" to the "rights of free speech and press...and must be condemned." A separate brief was filed by 111 writers, entertainers, scientists, educators, and clergymen who professed alarm "that under our Constitutional system a publisher could be sentenced to prison for using the mails... If this Court fails to set aside such acts of punishment, we feel it will have severely restricted this country's perimeters for permissible discussions of sex." Among the signatories were Paul Goodman, Joseph Heller, Bob Dylan, Granville Hicks, Christopher Isherwood, Dwight MacDonald, Norman Mailer, Otto Preminger, Philip Roth, William Styron, Louis Untermeyer, Henry Miller, Irwin Shaw, Robert Penn Warren and Dore Schary, as well as a host of lesser-known scholars,

rabbis, and Protestant ministers (nary a Catholic priest, however).

Buoyed by the measure of public support he'd wrung out of the intellectual community, and encouraged by his lawyers, Ralph awaited the decision on his appeal with considerable optimism. But on January 28, 1972, Judge E. Mack Traughtman of Federal District Court dismissed Ginzburg's last plea to vacate, although he did reduce the sentence—from five years in prison to three. It had all fallen apart. He was going to jail.

"Those were dark days," Ralph scowls, drumming his fingers on the desk. "I felt so fucking angry, and so *impotent*. For a while, I even thought of fleeing the country, going to Canada. I had my lawyers check and found out that in Canada an obscenity conviction isn't an extraditable offense, and I made some very detailed plans about transferring my funds out of the country, setting up secret bank accounts, and that sort of thing. But finally I decided against it. I hated like hell to give the bastards the satisfaction of seeing me go to jail, but I didn't want them to see me run away, either."

On February 17, 1972, his daughter Lark's eleventh birthday, Ralph kissed her

and his son, Shepherd, whispered "Fortitude," and drove with his wife Shoshanna to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, to turn himself in to a federal marshal. On the street outside the courthouse he waved a parchment copy of the Bill of Rights before the assembled newsmen, then crumpled it into a ball and flung it into a little basket. "Every day I remain in prison," he said angrily as the flash-bulbs popped, "this Bill of Rights is a meaningless piece of paper." Then he entered the cramped lockup of the Federal District Court, emerging a few minutes later with a federal marshal. Inside he'd been manacled to a convicted murderer, and he defiantly rattled his handcuffs at the cameramen. "If Ralph *doesn't* meet the warden," quipped an old friend, "he'll be out in a month. If he *does*, it'll be life plus 99 years." As it turned out, he only served 8 months of his three-year sentence before a thoroughly embarrassed Federal government released him.

"I'm a puritan," Ralph says with a shrug. "I don't drink, I don't smoke, my clothes are extremely conservative. I've only blown grass once in my life and it did absolutely nothing to me. I'd never try acid or any other drugs, either; I wouldn't fool around with my body or brain that way.

"I'm not a swinger, I've never pretended to be. And I'm faithful to my wife, though I know that sounds old-fashioned today." He taps a pencil on the desk, pensively. "Look, what you've got to remember is that just because I advocate open sexuality, because I want people to be free to take any options they want, that doesn't mean I lead some sort of *Dolce Vita* myself. I wouldn't be happy at an orgy. My idea of a great time is lying in bed with my wife, listening to some Bach, just talking into the night about the things that concern us. That's not flamboyant, but it's beautiful."

And this, for all his hustling and *chutzpah*, is Ralph Ginzburg. "The man is pure corn," Merle Miller writes. "Unadulterated. But there is this: he believes what he says, every sentimental word of it. He is a man totally without pretensions. Like him or not, he is not a role player, and that, all by itself, is refreshing these days." Ginzburg is also a man who's been treated shabbily by his publishing peers, contemptuously dismissed by the intellectual elite, ignored by most civil libertarians, and persecuted (what other word is there?) by the judicial process of the system he admires and defends. Maybe it is hard to love a loudmouth, but you don't have to hound him through the courts for ten years, send him to jail for eight months, and then complain because he won't shut up.

Even Smut Kings have feelings. 



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The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement - the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erec-

tion. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own designs.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in length and $\frac{1}{4}$ " in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 1" in length and between $\frac{1}{4}$ " and $\frac{3}{4}$ " in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added $\frac{3}{4}$ " to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on $\frac{3}{4}$ " in length and just over $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already $6\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of $\frac{1}{4}$ " means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of $4\frac{1}{4}$ " (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to $5\frac{1}{4}$ ". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This

model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansive properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.



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your order

ANIMAL SEX-LOVERS

continued from page 36

near fainting. I had never been so satisfied in my life."

From that day on, Jane had sex with Toby every day her husband was out of town. She says her knees take a beating, but it sure as hell beats not being sexually satisfied.

Without question, more American women have had sex relations with cats than dogs. Or maybe "sex play" would be a better term than sex relations. A cute cat-lover named Carol tells how she seduces her feline in these words:

"My cat's a big, fat tomcat. I put tuna fish oil on my clit and in my vagina and on my nipples," she says. "Then I set the cat down on my stomach and tell him to go to work. He cleans me off pretty well, and normally I finger myself or work over my cunt with a vibrator while he's lapping at me. I get fantastic orgasms when I do this. They're absolutely fantastic!"

Dr. S. Clinton Bunberger, a Chicago sexologist, once had a woman come to him for advice because her two daughters just

loved animal sex. She told him how she had once watched her daughters have sex with a mule in these words: "...Since you're a doctor I might as well confess. I was more turned on over what I was watching than I had been over my husband in months, if not years.

"Candy knew exactly how to mount the mule from underneath. She wrapped her hands and arms around the mule's neck first and then swung her legs up and around the mule's lower half. I'd never seen such an accurate aim as Candy had with her pussy! When she swung her lower half up, the mule's big penis glided immediately and directly into Candy's pussy. Candy howled with delight. It was obvious that the huge penis had pushed as far into her slot as room would permit. It had given her an immediate orgasm! I envied her, the feeling of having her vagina completely filled by something that big. Candy groaned as she motioned her cunt back and forth on that long penis.

"I could see young Candy's face as she slowly brought her pussy upward and backward on that long organ. I had never seen my daughter so happy. I knew that she'd fucked several of her boyfriends, but this was the happiest I had ever seen her. I

watched as Candy stroked her pussy back and forth on that big mule's penis for several minutes. 'Oh, Gwendolyn,' I heard Candy say. 'He hasn't come yet.' 'Keep stroking,' her sister advised. 'But...but I can't hold on any longer,' Candy complained. 'My pussy's orgasmed so much that it's almost raw!'

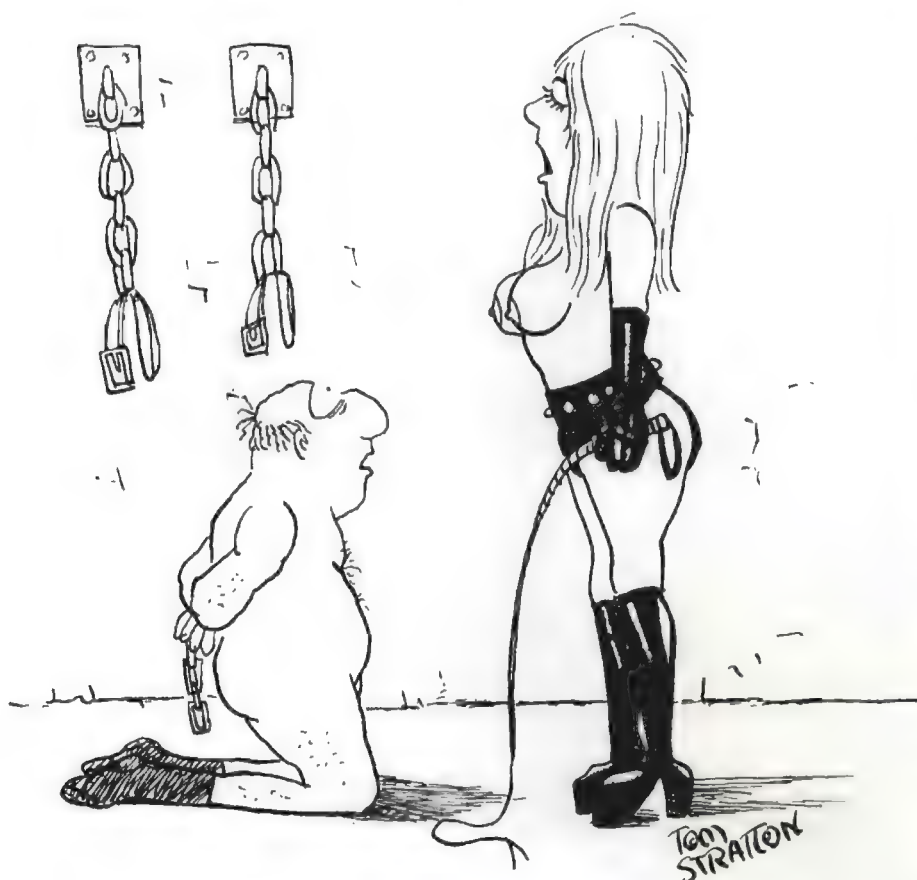
"Candy stroked her wet slit for the final time across the mule's penis. Then she slowly let herself dismount from beneath him in the same way that Gwendolyn had. Then she rolled out from underneath the animal so that she wouldn't get a big hoofmark across her bare breasts. 'We can't just leave him with a big hard-on,' Gwendolyn said to Candy. She moved to the mule and put her hands up and felt his penis. She gave his balls a few gentle pats and then she squeezed the shaft of his rod. 'He's almost ready to come,' she said. 'We have to bring him off. Otherwise he'll end up pissed and he'll never want to fuck with us again. If we leave him satisfied, he'll remember us and want to fuck for us again.'

"Gwendolyn crawled beneath the big mule until she was sitting right on her bare buttocks, with her legs spread wide apart. Then she held her head upright as she held her hands around the mule's rod. She pressed her mouth to the mule's penis. She managed to get the front five inches of the animal's thick penis in her mouth. She must have blown air into his hole or moved her tongue briskly across the underneath of his penis head, because he came right away. The mule's penis spasmed once into her mouth and she quickly moved her mouth away. She rubbed her hands briskly up and down the underneath of his penis as the penis was spasming. The mule shot off a number of long gushes of white, foaming come. One gob hit Gwendolyn on her left nipple, but most of the rest of it sailed over her shoulder.

"Candy slowly moved over to her as soon as the mule had finished coming. Candy was curious about that come. She wanted to sniff it. 'It smells just the same as a man's,' Candy said. 'It feels and tastes the same, too,' said her sister."

In today's sexually enlightened society, a growing number of people are turning to bestiality and finding new sexual joys. In reality, the dog is no longer man's best friend. His best animal friend is a sheep or cow or whatever four-legged friend gives him the best fucking.

Women have a wider selection of animals to choose as sexual partners. And if animals look more contented these days, it's undoubtedly because they are pleased to afford their mistresses and masters sexual pleasure as well as companionship.



"Henry, you've been cheating on me again—
there are unfamiliar marks on you!"

James Chase tells us...

**"I hate to exercise
and I hate to diet,
but I lost 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
off my waistline...
13 lbs., and shaped up
in only 14 days!"**

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back, eating about 20% less,
but without giving up
the foods I love...
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...Slims legs, firms and
strengthens thighs.

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...Reduces and firms
the hipline.

**DEVELOPS A MORE
ATHLETIC APPEARANCE**
...broadens shoulders,
strengthens arms and legs,
develops slimmer lines for a
more youthful looking body...
without rigid diets or
complicated exercises.

**IT MUSCULARIZES
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...Firms and
helps build an
athletic chest.

**HELPS BUILD
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Strengthens sagging
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to flatten your lumby
2 to 4 inches in 14 days.

"I saw and felt results in the first 3 days."

NO COMPLICATED EXERCISES, NO RIGID DIETING...

This ingenious '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan, designed for busy people like you, has you starting to lose inches and pounds immediately... in the privacy of your own home. It's Safe... Medically Approved... and Guaranteed!

Here are 6 reasons why this amazing plan can have you muscling and shaping up... in 14 days.

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2. **Simple to Use. No disrobing.** Attach it to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.

3. **Designed to Slim Fatty Problem Areas.** Choose 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help trim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your body in 14 days.

4. **No Rigid Dieting.** We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love — eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide.)

5. **Safer and Saves Time.** No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.

6. **Weights Only 10 Ounces.** Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a trimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, trim, and build you a more youthful-looking body.

It's Fun... With Results... '5' Minutes And Out.

THE SECRET WHY IT BEATS FASTING ALONE, MAKING YOUR BODY LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

Unlike our Plan, fasting programs, when causing weight loss, usually burn off more active tissue (muscles), which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag, and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth — through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser — while promoting greater fat loss (by exercise and temporary 20 percent food reduction), making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes

(PHOTOS CERTIFIED UNRETouched)



**Weight: 218 lbs.
Waist: 44 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.**

**Weight: 205 lbs.
Waist: 37 in.**

you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well-being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it, remaining trim without regaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles."

**Use Our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan And We Guarantee These Results:
"Do one "5" Minute Exercise twice daily, eat anything you like (JUST 20% LESS), you'll lose pounds and inches, improve vitality, fitness within 14 days — or your \$7.98 will be refunded."**

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:

It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!

Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts, and other "effortless exercisers" are of little or no value in firming, shaping, and muscularizing your body. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, ours is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do. We Guarantee It. Here's a sampling of what the customers who have shaped up on our Plan tell us has happened to them while using the Plan.

Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
G. C.	25 lbs.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	(14 days)
M. F.	32 lbs.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	(24 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	8 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes twice daily and reduced their food intake — temporarily — by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

DO IT NOW! It's America's most successful body shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proved and some notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works — and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

"Use our improved '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan for 14 days! See what it can do for you! If it is not what we say it is, simply return it to us, in good condition, for your \$7.98 refund."

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I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. You promise that I will feel great and begin to look trimmer in just 3 days.

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ROAR OFF INTO
THE NIGHT...

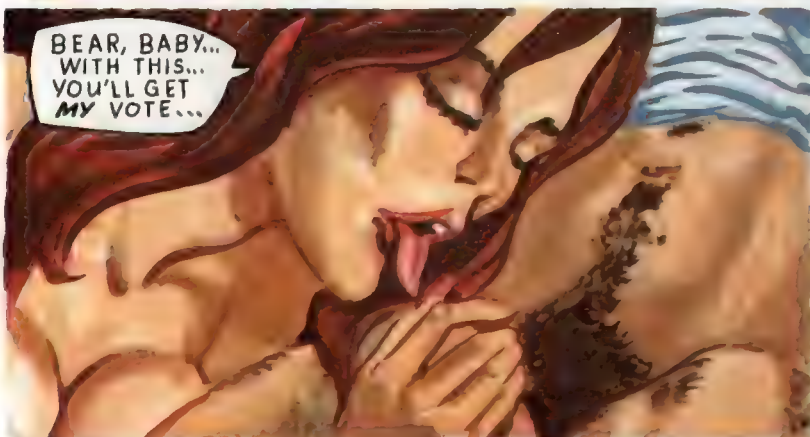
I KNOW A
PRIVATE SPOT
JUST OVER
THE BRIDGE.

RRRRMMM



HEY-WOW!
WHAT A MEAN
POLITICAL
MACHINE!

YEAH... I'M THE
BIGGEST PRICK
IN THE SENATE



BEAR, BABY...
WITH THIS...
YOU'LL GET
MY VOTE...



JESUS... LICK IT,
HONEY... OH YAS
TAKE IT ALL.

CHAPAKWICKICK



**SLOOOOP SLURP
SLURRURUP**



**SUCK IT!
SUCK IT!
SUCK IT!
SUCK IT!
UNGGNN!
UNGGGG-AH!**

CRASH



DAMN! I SHOULD'VE BOUGHT A VOLKSWAGEN ... DEJÀ VU...



LATER, A WET AND WEARY HONEY RETURNS HOME...

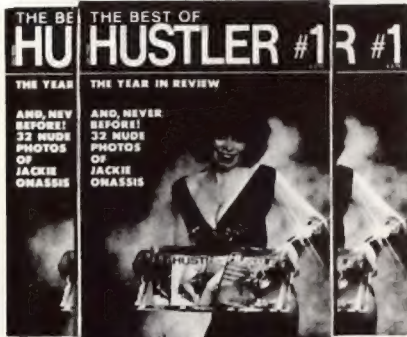
...AND THEY'RE STILL DRAGGING FOR THE CAR... BEAR WAS CHARGED WITH POLLUTING THE LAKE.



GUESS HE WON'T BE THE NEXT PREZ AFTER ALL, HUH?

NO WAY. HE'S ALL WASHED UP.

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PREVIEW

MARCH PREVIEW

EXTRA! EXTRA! GOING DOWN AT PLAYBOY — We all know that things are falling apart at Playboy, but are they *really* that bad? Has Hefner really always wanted to be just a "star"? Read the answers to these and more in a staggering account of what went wrong in Bunnyland, written exclusively for HUSTLER by Don Myrus, former honcho of Playboy Press and a Hefner confidant.

DARBY LLOYD RAINS INTERVIEW — Not only has she made a name for herself as a first-rate blue movie star, but she's managed to do what no other fuck-flick superstar could do: bring sex and love together, and the enjoyment of both to the silver screen. An open and candid HUSTLER interview.

JOSEPH "YELLOW KID" WEIL — Profile of a most deserving true-life character. The King Con of his day (he's the oldest living confidence man around) and a hero of the big "game." An extraordinary character and a remarkable story that makes *The Sting* look like a rerun of *Mary Poppins*.

THE COSTUME ORGY — If you need a laugh but want a turn-on then join in the fun at Gloria's house. An out-of-sight party with an out-of-space ending. By Dan Jones.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE BREAK — They say where there's smoke, there's fire, and we couldn't agree more. We've got a fiery girl with a cigarette-smoking cunt. WOW!

BARE BEAVER — A shaving exposé which proves that the means to an end can be as rewarding as the end itself. A super turn-on for those who dare.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS — Our fabulous centerfold this month is Jennifer, a delight to any connoisseur with an appetite that's hard to please. But...wait! Petula demands some attention, too. She is a sight to behold and a girl to be held.

AND — Don't miss our unbelievable BITS & PIECES, where humor and satire reign. Our unforgettable KINKY KORNER, where the local baby-sitter gets more than a night's pay for her services. And our unquestionable SEX PLAY on women's orgasms. Plus goodies like SEX BITS, HUSTLER HUMOR, ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE, and ADVISE & CONSENT.

PREVIEW

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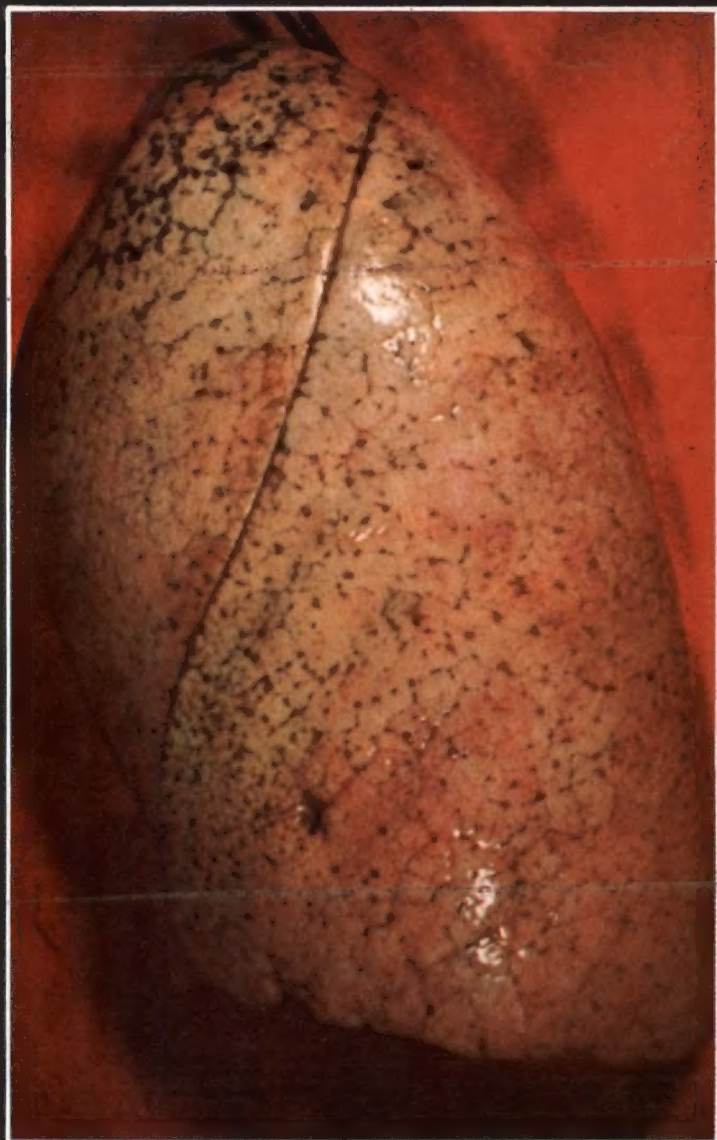
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SMOKING

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If you want to quit smoking, contact the National Clearinghouse For Smoking and Health, 1600 Clifton Rd. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30333.

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